

# VIZ

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Issue 95

**LET MEEEEEE  
EEEEEE-EEE  
EEEE-EEE  
EEEE-EEE  
ENTERTAIN YOU!**  
**ZOETROPE of the MILLENIUM  
FREE INSIDE!**



I MUST SAY -  
IT'S VERY REFRESHING TO SEE A  
MAN TAKING AN INTEREST IN  
SERIOUS LESBOTIC ISSUES.

ACTUALLY PET,  
I'M BRINGING IT BACK.  
HAVE YOU GOT OWT WITH A  
BIT MORE CLAM-NOSHING  
IN IT?



scan by dextrovix

...WITH  
PICTURES.

**All your favourites  
plus BILLY THE FISH  
CLAMPER VAN  
BEETHOVEN  
and Jimmy Nail's scrotum**

ISSN 0952-7966





# STUDENT GRANT



HIYA! TARDUN! LISTEN - I'M ON MY ONE-2-ONE - THIS IS A TERRIBLE LINE - CAN YOU CALL ME BACK? I'M ON 005690 6147... CIAO!



DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE DEE... DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE... DEE DEE DEE DEE DEE DEE DEE DEE... DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE...



HIYA, YEAH THIS IS A MUCH BETTER LINE. LISTEN - CAN YOU GET ME A BAG OF NUTS TOO?



TAP-TAP... TAPPY-TAP... PRESS'S



HIYA GRANT! ... SALT AND VINEGAR? ... RIGHT. CIAO!



HEY! WHERE'VE YOU GUYS BEEN?



BRUNO'S BEEN TO HAVE HIS TONGUE PIERCED!



CLANG!



NELUETH! NELUETH! NELUETH!



AND HOW MUCH DID IT COST?



NELUETH! NELUETH! NELUETH!



YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUNO (IT IS A MARK OF INDIVIDUALITY THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO GET ONE JUST LIKE YOURS)



ME TOO... AND ME



SO...





# ROGER MELLIE



THE MAN ON THE TELLY

AND THAT'S ALL FROM 'LOOK FULCHESTER' FOR TONIGHT...



...SEE YOU SAME TIME TOMORROW. GOODNIGHT

ROGER! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? THERE'S STILL FIVE MINUTES TO GO



THERE'S A PINT WITH MY NAME ON SITTING ON THE BAR NEXT DOOR

STICK A FUCKIN' TOM AN' JERRY ON. I'M OFF



THERE'S A PINT WITH MY NAME ON SITTING ON THE BAR NEXT DOOR

LATER... COME ON, TOM! WHAT KEPT YOU? I'M THREE NIL UP ALREADY! WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING?



THERE'S A PINT WITH MY NAME ON SITTING ON THE BAR NEXT DOOR

HELLO, ROGER! THERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET



THERE'S A PINT WITH MY NAME ON SITTING ON THE BAR NEXT DOOR

ROGER, THIS IS MARTIN. HE'S GOING TO BE THE NEW PRODUCER ON 'LOOK FULCHESTER'



HELLO, ROGER

HI! WHAT'S YOUR POISON?

I'LL HAVE A PERRIER WATER, PLEASE



PERRIER? FUCK OFF!

YOU WON'T GET A CONK LIKE THIS DRINKING THAT PUSS! I'LL GET YOU A PINT, MARTIN

SHORTLY... ERM, I'M AFRAID THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME MAJOR CHANGES ON 'LOOK FULCHESTER', ROGER



CHANGES? WHAT'S THIS CUNT ON ABOUT, TOM?

THE SHOW IS OLD AND TIRED, AND FRANKLY ROGER, SO ARE YOU!



I THINK IT'S TIME TO INJECT SOME YOUNG BLOOD ONTO THE SHOW

OLD AND TIRED? THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME! I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SHOW FOR 25 YEARS! I COULD DO IT IN MY SLEEP, TOM!



THAT'S THE PROBLEM, ROGER YOU DID LAST WEEK

NEXT DAY... SORRY I'M LATE, TOM! GOT CHATTING TO THE BARMAN LAST NIGHT. DIDN'T GET AWAY TILL ABOUT 3 O'CLOCK



I'M STILL A BIT PISSED TO TELL THE TRUTH

ROGER, THIS IS GWENDY WIBSON. SHE'S JOINING US ON THE 'LOOK FULCHESTER' TEAM



...MINE'S WHITE WITH FOUR SUGARS

MORNING, PET



...MINE'S WHITE WITH FOUR SUGARS

SHE'S NOT HERE TO MAKE THE TEA ROGER! FROM NOW ON, GWENDY WILL BE YOUR CO-PRESENTER!



FUCK OFF! THIS IS MY GRAY TRAIN AND I DON'T WANT SOME BLOND BIMBO DIPPING HER BREAD INTO IT

I'M SORRY, ROGER THE PRODUCER'S DECISION IS FINAL



HERE'S YOUR HALF OF THE SCRIPT

HEY! FUCK THIS, TOM! SHE'S GOT THE FIRST LINE!



I ALWAYS SAY "GOOD EVENING". THAT'S MY FUCKING CATCH PHRASE. SHE CAN'T SAY THAT!

NO, ROGER. LOOK! YOU GET TO SAY IT AS WELL... THERE! SEE? FIRST GWENDY SAYS "GOOD EVENING" I'M GWENDY WIBSON! THEN YOU SAY "GOOD EVENING, I'M ROGER MELLIE"



FUCK THIS, TOM! I'M BIGGER THAN THIS SHOW. LOOK FULCHESTER WOULD BE NOTHING WITHOUT ME



IF THAT TROLLOP SAYS "GOOD EVENING" BEFORE ME... I'M WALKING OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME, TOM? I'M FINISHED!

THAT EVENING...



GOOD EVENING, I'M GWENDY WIBSON...

THAT'S IT! FUCK YOU!



I'M OFF

IN THE PUB... THAT WAS A BIT HARSH OF THE PRODUCER, SACKING YOU AFTER 25 YEARS OF SERVICE



DON'T WORRY I'LL GET 'EM BACK, TOM

I'M AN OLD PRO. I KNOW THIS GAME INSIDE OUT. I MAY NOT BE A YOUNGSTER ANYMORE, BUT I'VE GOT EXPERIENCE...



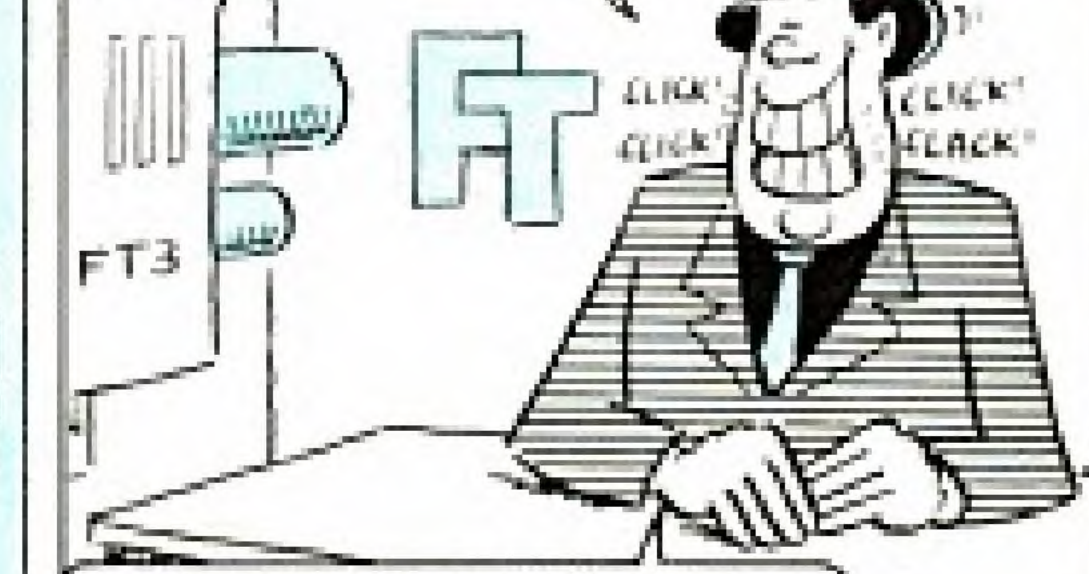
FT3 WILL APPRECIATE THAT. IT'S WHAT'S UP HERE THEY'RE AFTER TOM. NOT GOOD LOOKS!

YOU'RE WATCHING FT3 AND NOW, FULCHESTER TONIGHT, WITH OUR NEW HOST...



ROGER MELLIE

GUZ EEBENING



AND TODAY'S TOP STORY - TWO HUNDRED JOBS LOOK AS NAUGHTY CLOSING VNU NREERION...



# SOCCER SHOCKER!

## New commitment rate hike kicks players where it hurts

PROFESSIONAL footballers were reeling last night after the Chancellor of the English Football Association raised the players' commitment rates for the third time this year. A rise of 50 percentage points means that all players must now give 250 per cent effort each time they take the field.

### League

The decision was taken to bring the FA into line with the Bundesliga, which raised its own rate last week.

"We had little choice but to take this action" said David Davies, the only man left at the FA. "No one likes to raise commitment rates, but we must take these steps if we are to remain competitive in Europe."

### Fathom

But many amateur clubs fear that this is beyond their players' means. "All our players hold down full time jobs," said Phil



Kegan: Thousand per cent.

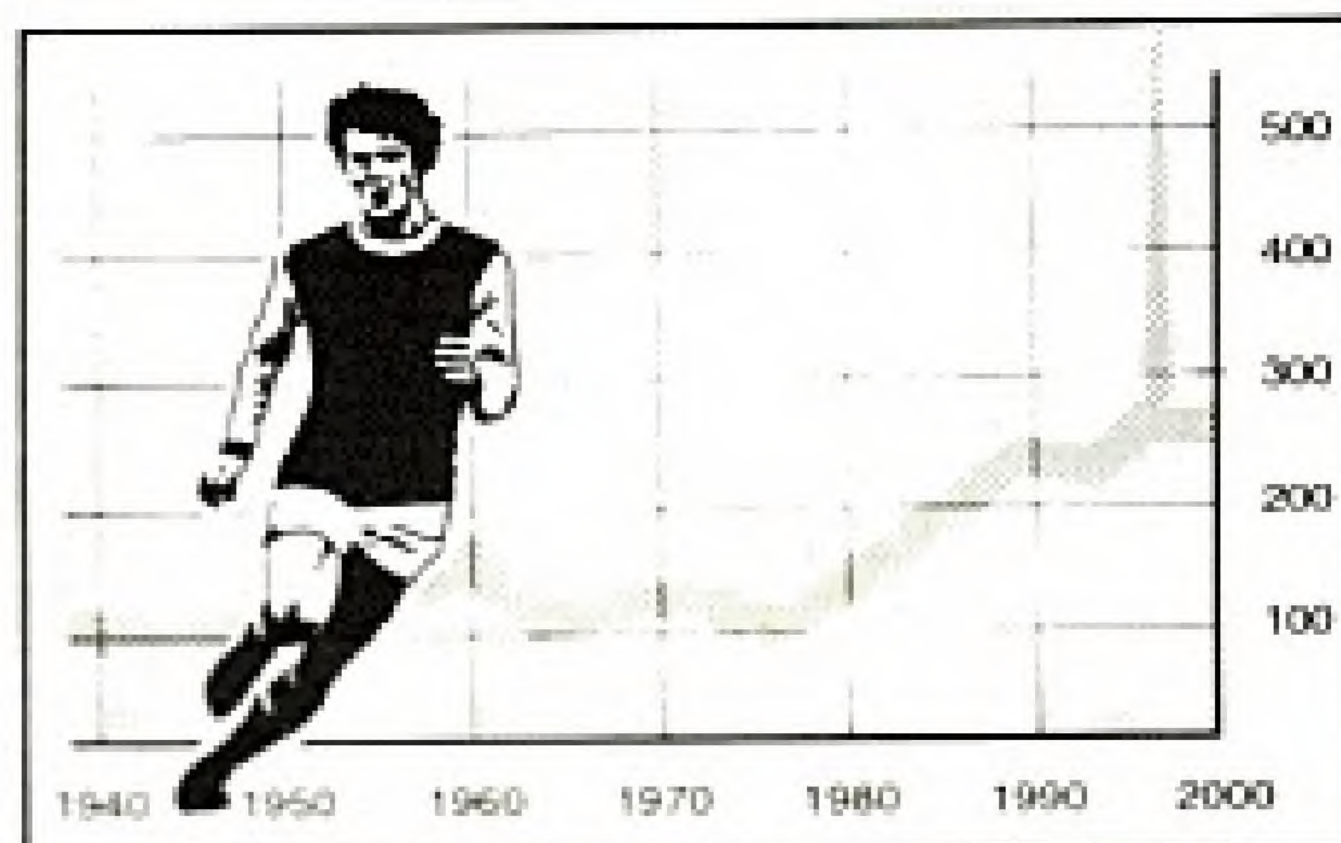
Castiaux, secretary of Blyth Spartans. "They cannot possibly go to work during the week and then give 250 per cent on a Saturday. The level should be capped for part time players. They cannot be expected to give much more than 170."

By our sports staff,  
a fat red-faced drunk

Britain enjoyed a stable 100 per cent rate throughout the seventies. But in 1982 it was raised to 101 per cent by Trevor Francis during a controversial summing up on Match of the Day. The eighties saw the rate creep up to 110 per cent.

### Chain

The highest ever commitment rates occurred on 'Black Saturday', when comments by Kevin Keegan sent rates spiralling. The part-time England coach promised to give a thousand per cent in his new job, causing many clubs to panic and set their own commitment rates. By the end of play that afternoon, the rate had reached an unsustainable 10,000 per cent. Officials at Lancaster Gate finally stepped in and restored sanity by announcing a standard rate of 200 per cent.



A graph yesterday.

We called Keegan at Bisham Abbey, to see how his 1000 per cent commitment to the England job was going, but we were told he was probably at Fulham F.C.

that day. "If he's not there, you might catch him at his racing stables in Hampshire or perhaps at home in Durham," the cleaning lady told us.

## THE WHEEL SECRET BEHIND YOUR FELLAS LUNCHBOX

YOU can tell what a man packs in his lunchbox by watching how he holds his car steering wheel, researchers advised women yesterday.

**BOTTOM** of the lunchbox league is the anxious motorist who drives with one hand on the wheel and the other hovering over the horn. Verdict: "Dull and unimaginative packed lunch, limp cheese sandwiches, non-branded chocolate biscuit and a scotch egg."

**STEER CLEAR** of the man who grabs the wheel with both hands at exactly the same height. Verdict: "No appetite for lunch. A bag of crisps, a flask of tea and he's happy until teatime."

**BETTER** is the guy who holds the top of the wheel with two hands close together.

Verdict: "Adventurous sandwiches on unusual breads, fancy salads and little tomatoes, a Mr Kipling cake and a bag of Quavers."

**BORING.** Those who drive with both hands firmly clenching the bottom of the wheel. Verdict: "Same packed lunch every day. Ham, cheese and pickle sandwiches on Mother's Pride, raspberry yoghurt and an apple."

**BEST EATERS** drive with one hand at the 8



Christie: Obligatory in lunchbox article.

o'clock position and the other at 2 o'clock, says the Aston University study, which looked at the driving habits of 7 men, then asked their wives what they liked in their sandwiches. Verdict: "Doorstep sandwiches packed with filling, 2 sausage rolls, a can of pop, a Mars bar and a family bag of Cheesy Wotsits. And another sausage roll."

"My husband laughed when I knelt down to play the pink oboe"

I can teach your wife to play the pink oboe in seven days, or your money back. Send £400 and your wife to: The Randy Bollocks School of Music, Filth Street, Soho.





Tearooms in crisis...Tearooms in crisis...

# Ooh! Betty's!

BRITAIN'S cake-strapped tearooms are reaching crisis point as a record demand for light refreshments stretches resources to the limit. And now Tea Service bosses fear that many pensioners may have to go without the nice cup of tea and cakes that they so desperately feel like.

The position has become so bad that Tea Service bosses may consider refusing waitress service for certain OAPs because there simply aren't enough tables.



Dr. Clive Foot - Eleveses

That's one of the recommendations of a controversial report leaked from the Mr. Kipling Institute, an independent Tea Service think-tank.

## National Tea Service faces Meltdown

"Unseasonably normal weather has led to elderly people pottering around spa towns," says Dr. Clive Foot of Harrogate University's Department of Eleveses.

"Inevitably a good proportion are going to fancy a nice bit sit down with a cup of tea and a cake, and unfortunately our tea-shops cannot cope. If the weather doesn't get a bit parkier, and demand continues at this rate, I can see the whole system

By our  
tea service  
writer

Alan Bennett



collapsing in the next three months."

The report cites shocking examples of cases where the system has already broken down under the strain:



A British tea room working at full strength.

\*A junior waitress forced to work a 10 hour shift, who miscalculated the amount of sugar in a cup of tea, leaving an 80-year-

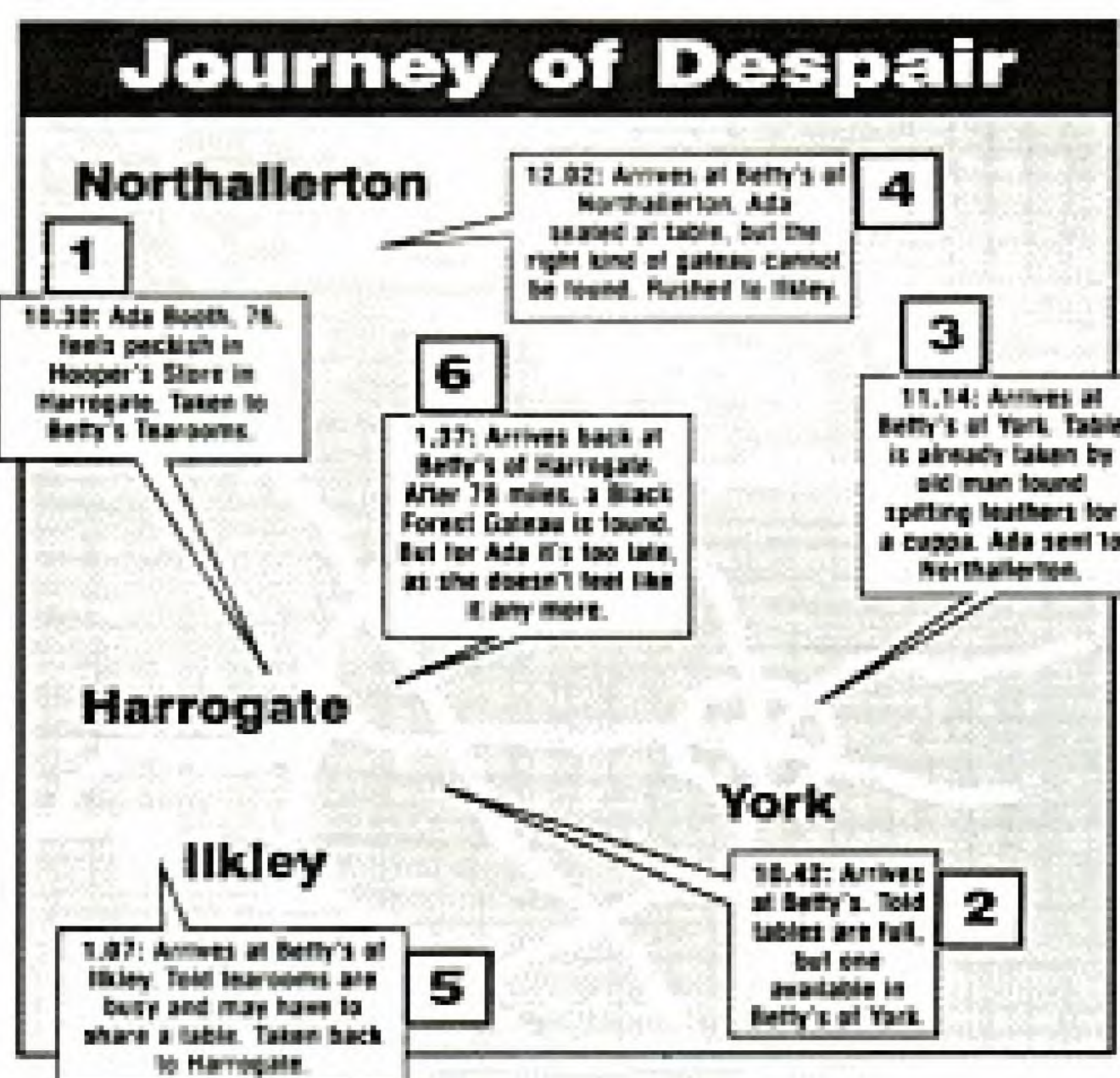
old lady PULLING A FACE and muttering to her sister.

\*An old man of 82 being seated at a table that was still covered in CRUMBS from the previous occupant's scones.

\*A plate of biscuits left for 3 days on a cake trolley in a CORRIDOR because staff were unable to find a table for it.

\*A 76-year-old woman, taken on a 78 MILE round trip to find a tearoom serving Black Forest Gateau.

A spokesman for Betty's, one of Britain's biggest tearoom chains confirmed last night that stocks of Earl Grey were low, but there was no cause for alarm as yet. "Every old person who genuinely fancies a cup of tea and a bite to eat will be served. They just may have to be a little more patient," he told us.



# Where are they NOW?

## TakeThat!

Groundbreaking boy band Take That! were never out of the headlines in the nineties, but after their dramatic split, they slipped from the public eye. Whatever happened to those lively lads, asks 15 year old Ada Trousers from Braintree in Yorkshire.

(Clockwise from top left)

Gary Barlow, the bozz-eyed tubby one who penned the band's hits, was declared bankrupt in 1997, after blowing an estimated £40 million on fizz bombs and sherbert dips. He now runs a small newsagents shop at Four Lane Ends in Newcastle upon Tyne.

Robbie Williams, the first to leave the band bought a milk round in Ashby de la Zouch, Staffordshire.

On the band's break-up, Howard Donald took the opportunity to realise a lifetime ambition and walk around the world. On his return, his dad got him a job at Boulby Potash mine in Cleveland, where he is presently deputy overman.

Jason Orange left the band with an estimated £10 million which he invested in a revolutionary scientific process to extract gold from sea water. He now lives in a bus shelter in Peterborough.

Mark Owen sank his money from the band into a gas-turbine mobile sex library specialising in under-the-counter farmyard pornography. Business has boomed and he now earns up to and in excess of £100 per week.





# JANET STREET-PORTER CRUSOE

AND HER RESEARCHER FRIDAY



THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...  
WE'VE HIT AN ICEBERG!  
GOD SAVE US ALL!  
THE SHIP IS SINKING!  
HOOOOOOOOOT  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!



RESEARCHER! I'M FEELING RATHER THIRSTY. BRING ME A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.  
THE SHIP HAS STRUCK AN ICEBERG. MA'AM—PERHAPS WE SHOULD FIND A LIFEBOAT.



DON'T TELL ME ABOUT ICEBERGS. OR DON'T PAY YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT FARKING ICEBERGS.  
ICE BERGS ARE NOT A SUBJECT WHICH INTERESTS ME IN THE SLIGHTEST. JUST BRING ME A GLASS OF FARKING CHAMPAGNE!



LOOK AT ALL THESE DREADFUL PEOPLE BOBBING AROUND IN THE WATER! GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT AT ONCE!  
YES, MILADY.  
ONE THING I CANNOT TOLERATE IS A LOAD OF FARKING PEOPLE BOBBING AROUND IN ICE COLD WATER.



THREE DAYS ADRIFT LATER...  
THAT'S NOT A SALMON! THAT'S A COD. THROW IT BACK!  
I HATE COD. BRING ME A FRESHWATER SALMON.  
I REGRET, MA'AM, THAT THAT SPECIES IS UNAVAILABLE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



DON'T TELL ME ABOUT THE ATLANTIC OCEAN! I WANT A FRESHWATER SALMON! JUST TAKE ME TO THE GURUCHO CLAB BEFORE I GET VERY CROSS!  
STAMP BREAK



WHY IS WATER POURING INTO THIS BOAT? I DIDN'T ASK FOR A BOAT FULL OF WATER.  
I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO INTEREST IN WATER-FILLED BOATS. I WANT THIS BOAT FILLED WITH CHAMPAGNE.



THANK GOODNESS, MA'AM—IT'S A DESERT ISLAND. WE'RE SAVED!  
IN MY EXPERIENCE, I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND DESERT ISLANDS TO BE A MOST DISAGREEABLE FORM OF LAND MASS.



FIRST OF ALL, I'D BETTER BUILD US A SHELTER, MA'AM—IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A STORM COMING.  
I HATE STORMS.



I HATE TYPHOONS, MONSOONS, HURRICANES, CYCLONES AND GALES.  
BUT OF THE MANY TYPES OF WEATHER I REALLY DO NOT APPRECIATE, I CANNOT ABIDE STORMS.



GAH FOR GAH'S SAKE!  
I DISTINCTLY TOLD YOU I WANTED MY SHELTER BUILT IN POST MODERN STYLE—THIS IS FARKING NEO-VERNAULAR!



I DON'T PAY YOU TO BUILD ME FARKING NEO-VERNAULAR ARCHITECTURE.  
IF I TELL YOU TO BUILD IT POST MODERN, THEN YOU FARKING WELL BUILD IT POST MODERN.



AND BRING ME A SANDWICH. I'M HUNGRY AND I DO NOT WANT ANY OF THIS TROPICAL FRUIT.  
YES, MA'AM, BUT I SHALL HAVE TO GROW SOME WHEAT TO MAKE THE BREAD FIRST.  
JUST DO IT!



SIX MONTHS LATER...  
SIX MONTHS LATER...  
SIX MONTHS LATER...



EVENTUALLY...  
HERE IS YOUR SANDWICH, MA'AM.  
THIS SANDWICH IS MADE WITH WHITE BREAD!



DON'T GIVE ME A SANDWICH MADE WITH WHITE BREAD. I HATE WHITE BREAD.  
IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT MAKES ME LOSE MY TEMPER, THAT IS BEING GIVEN WHITE FARKING BREAD SANDWICHES.



ANY THERE, CASTAWAYS!  
LOOK, MILADY—A RESCUE SHIP!  
WHO ARE THESE DREARY PEOPLE? I CERTAINLY HAVE NEVER SEEN THEM IN THE GURUCHO CLAB.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I AM JANET STREET-PORTER. I AM AN INNOVATOR OF TELEVISUAL PROGRAMMING.  
I PERSONALLY REVOLUTIONISED ENTERTAINMENT FOR YAWNING PEOPLE.



SHIP BOARD ENTERTAINMENT  
KICK JANET STREET-PORTER'S FUCKING TEETH OUT.  
ME FIRST.



# Letterbooks

The page that's as hairy as the Queen Mum's mary

## I don't fancy mine much



□ I'd love to scuttle that ginger-minged Anne McKeiv from that programme where they do up people who already have plenty of money's houses. Do any other readers have a "Borderline Boiler" they wouldn't mind knocking their nail into?

S. Logan  
Rutherglen

\* Is there a bird you fancy who is teetering on the brink of boilerdom? Someone who, in the right light, is worth a poke - but only just. Write to Borderline Boilers at our usual address. For every letter we publish we will buy one pint of beer for charity. And a bag of peanuts.



□ It is often said that "you are what you eat". Well Mick Hucknall must have scoffed a lot of hairy pie in his time. Because he's a twat.

Mark Boardman  
Stockport

□ How come women are always changing their mind, but they never upgrade at the same time?

David Edge  
Derby

## ★ STAR LETTER

□ I had to laugh the other day. It was in the script. Noel Edmonds 'Crinkly Bottom'

## TOP TIP

PRETEND you're on the Jerry Springer show by sitting in your dentist's waiting room and punching the first person who enters the room.

Hapag  
Runcorn

## Load of cobras

□ In Letterbooks, your last issue, you stated that snakes don't have cocks. Nonsense. In Japan snakes' cocks are considered something of a delicacy.

F. Tohill  
Campsie

\* What we meant was that snakes have tiny cocks.

□ Fuck the Dome. Why not celebrate the Millennium in style by nuking the Moon? What better way to commemorate man's triumph over nature? And a spectacular firework display too. There'd be a serious point to it as well, as such a show of strength would serve as a chilling warning to any aliens who were thinking of having a go. So come on Tony, press that button. Let's wipe that funny look off the man in the Moon's face for good!

Jake  
E mail

## TOP TIP

OFFICE MANAGERS. Keep sexual harassment complaint forms in the bottom draw of your desk. That way, every time a female employee needs one of the forms, you'll get a terrific view of her arse.

Edward Hitler  
E mail

Letterbooks  
P.O. Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT  
Fax 0191 281 9048  
viz.comic@virgin.net



□ So, Benson and Hedges have lost their Royal Approval. Well, that's me quitting fags for good then.

TB  
Liverpool

## Millennium tug

□ As it will probably be the last opportunity I get, I plan to spend New Year's Eve 1999 wanking over Internet filth. Do any other readers have special plans for seeing in the new Millennium?

Neil Weatherall  
Dunstable



□ I spotted Jimmy Hill, not in Viz but on this saucy seaside postcard where, in response to an enquiry about cucumbers, Jim humorously alludes to the size of his penis and implies a sexual attraction to the female customer.

Miss S. Hall  
& the sandwich boy  
Jesmond

## TOP TIP

SKIERS. Don't wipe your bums for the duration of your holiday. In the event of an avalanche this will greatly increase your chances of being located by sniffer dogs.

S.S.  
Bunny, Notts

## Animal magic

□ The other day, while throwing all my belongings out onto the lawn and crying hysterically, my wife accused me of behaving like an animal. I ask you, what animal on Earth is capable of lying under a glass top coffee table and having a wank while his wife's sister has a dump on it?

Women, eh?

CWALS  
Monash University E mail

## TOP TIP

CAUGHT looking at another man's penis at the pub urinal? Be sure to systematically stare at everyone else's, so it doesn't look like you were singling him out for scrutiny.

H. L.  
Evertitch

## Pop the question

□ If it's true what they say, "Once you pop, you can't stop", why the fuck are Pringles tubes resealable?

A. Bean  
Sudbury



□ Why do our media and politicians often refer to the evil Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein simply as 'Saddam'. You could hardly imagine Iraqi TV broadcasting a message to the people of Baghdad saying "Last night we were bombed again by Bill and Tony".

Neil F. Mayall  
London SE12

□ I have been reading Viz for the last 12 years. I will never forget the day my then girlfriend initiated me into the delights of immature arse humour. In those days it was funny, but now it is shite. You have got a bloody cheek to keep putting the price up the way you do.

Do I win fifteen quid?

Jaker  
E mail

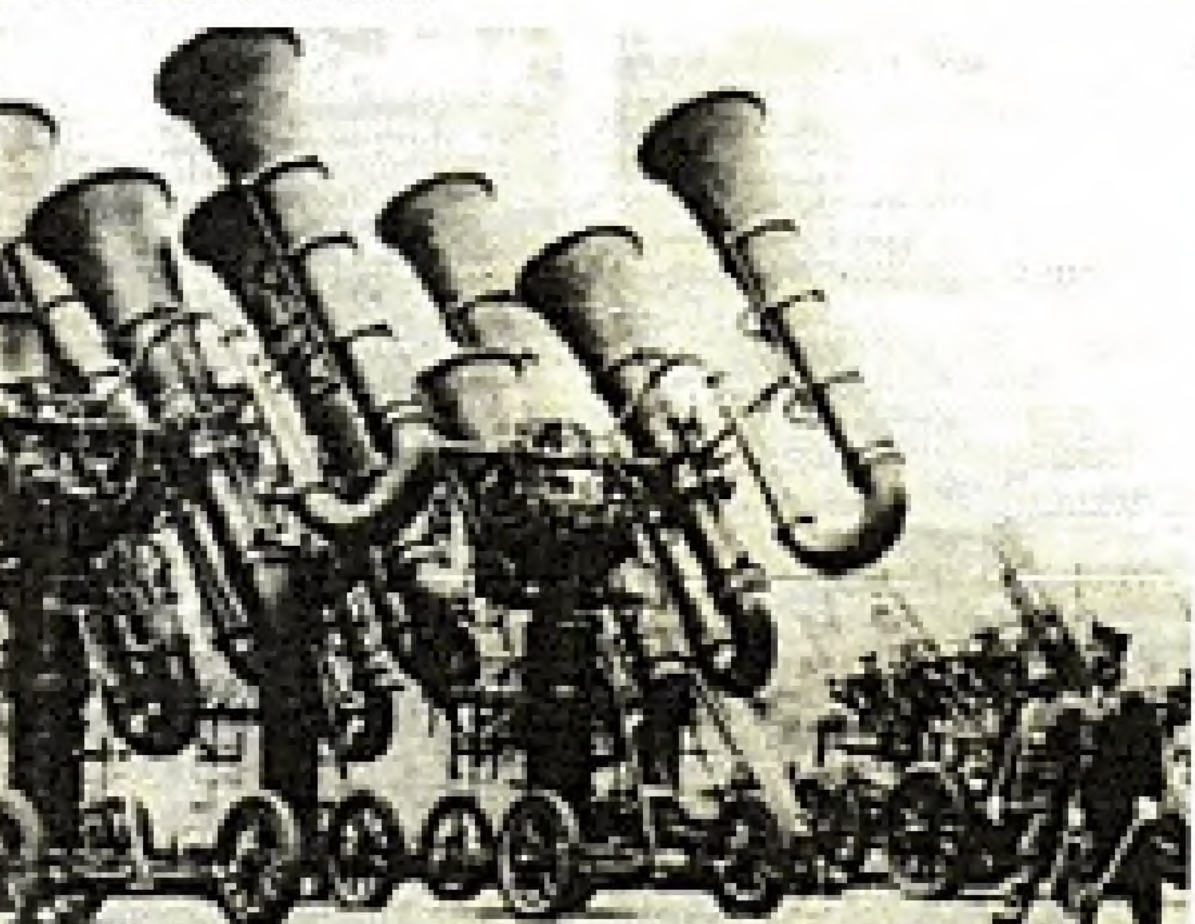




# BACK ISSUES



As part of their expansion plans, The Viz Nuclear Back Issue Facility at Bradley Stoke North have invested in a state-of-the-art Back Issue Return Detection System (BIRDS), seen here being inspected by top-ranking officials of the Japanese army. The BIRDS machine is capable of detecting the sound of a copy of Viz not being sold in newsagents as far away as Auckland, or the Falkland Islands.



The information is processed, and the numbers of available back issues are pecked into a wax cylinder by specially trained pigeons, working twenty-four hours a day. TV art teacher and former Ghurka, Tony Hart then takes a rubbing from the cylinder to create a positive image of the issue numbers available. Here is the latest rubbing.

39 57 59 60 66 73 77 80 83 84  
86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94

Simply circle the issue numbers which you require. Back issues cost £2 each (UK) or £2.50 (overseas). Prices include postage and a healthy mark up. Then fill in your details below and send this form (or a copy of it) together with your payment to the address below where it will be urgently processed in a matter of up to 28 days. Indicate your method of payment by ticking one of the following:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order crossed and made payable to 'John Brown Publishing Limited' OR

☐ They asked me my mother's maiden name and when I told them it they gave me a credit card. So please debit my account as follows:

Card Type \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry date \_\_\_\_\_

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Post code \_\_\_\_\_

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**THE VIZ NUCLEAR BACK ISSUE FACILITY**  
Customer Interface, Bradley Pavillions,  
Bradley Stoke North, BS32 0PP

Or you can order back issues by phone using your credit card on **01454 620 070**



## TOP TIP

**BEACH-GOERS.** Mix a little blue food colouring in with your sun lotion to make it easier to spot those little patches you have missed.

N. Hall  
Australia

## Book early

It can't be long now till you start giving away unsold copies of Roger's Profanisaurus in Richer Sounds. Perhaps you could let me know the exact date so I can go down and pick one up for free in return for buying a lollipop or whatever.

John Parkes  
Leeds

\* No Mr Parkes. We have a two-way arrangement with Richer Sounds, and this year every bookshop in Britain will be giving away £500's worth of unsold hi fi equipment with every Profanisaurus sold.

## TOP TIP

**RUN** a length of string through an Edam cheese. Hey presto! A delightful aromatic candle which will fill your home with the smell of burning cheese.

J. Tait  
Thropton

## Honourable member



In response to your request for readers with dicks resembling celebrities. I have the good fortune to be circumcised, and by the addition of a miniature pair of spectacles - fashioned with a pipe cleaner - I can transform my member into a dead ringer for right-wing Labour MP and unfounded cannibal rumour victim Gerald Kaufman.

Graham Brook  
Wilmslow

## Den of iniquity



"Not so Dirty Den now" says Leslie Grantham on that new soap ad. It must be good if it's washed the blood off his hands.

Big Bean  
Edinburgh

I wish the irresponsible makers of ITV's "Don't Try This At Home" would stress the title of the show more. Only the other day I arrived home to find my wife and children attempting to drive a Mini Moke across a rope bridge suspended between two hot air balloons at 30,000 feet. Blindfolded. With a snake in their pants. On fire. Etc. In our living room.

John Tait  
Thropton

## TOP TIP

**GARY BUSHELL.** Prevent attacks by homosexual vampires by sprinkling your buttocks with Holy water and shoving a clove of garlic up your arse.

Saucer 51  
e mail

I found this in our local newspaper. Talk about distinctive looks. This attacker sounds like a right cunt to me.

Colin Smith  
Knottingley

## TOP TIP

**HALE and Pace.** In your 'Jobs For The Boys' show, why don't you have a go at being fucking comedians.

Barberella  
Finchley

## Defaecation, ooh ooh, defaecation...

I'm up to day 17 without going for a shit. I wonder if any of your readers could lend me a couple of pit props so I might make it into the record books.

Martin Evans  
Corwen

\* What's the longest gap you've ever had between shits? In the eighties our secretary regularly used to sit on one for a fortnight. Write and share your amusing constipation anecdotes with our rapidly-declining readership. Write to 'Long Time No Shit' at our usual address. For every penny you spend on postage we will make a matching donation towards the cost of our television licence.

## TOP TIP

**ONCOMING** motorists. Don't bother flashing me. I know only one of my fucking headlights is working, okay?

Chris Mappley  
Carshalton

## Mott-o

They say that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. Well I got a bird's bush in my hands last Saturday night, and I only had to buy her two drinks. How do these know-it-alls explain that then?

Alan  
Kings Cross

The woman broke from his grasp and ran off down Wesley Street. The attacker did not follow.

He is described as muscular with long, dark hair, possibly cut in a beefy curtain style. He wore a tight white shirt with short sleeves which showed off his biceps.

Det Con Paul Smith said the town centre was very busy when the attack took place and is sure someone must have seen something or made a call.





□ Bearing in mind the outcome of recent murder investigations, might it not be an idea for police launching new murder investigations to simply hold a press conference and arrest the first person who starts bubbling?

C. L. Fife

## TOP TIP

**BUSY** businessmen with planes to catch. Save time wiping your arse in the morning by eating a bag roll the night before.

Stuart Thompson  
e mail

## TOP TIP

**THE BILL.** The vast majority of houses have back doors. Don't look so bleeding surprised every time anyone escapes out of one.

S. Holmes  
London W1

## Thunderclap claptrap

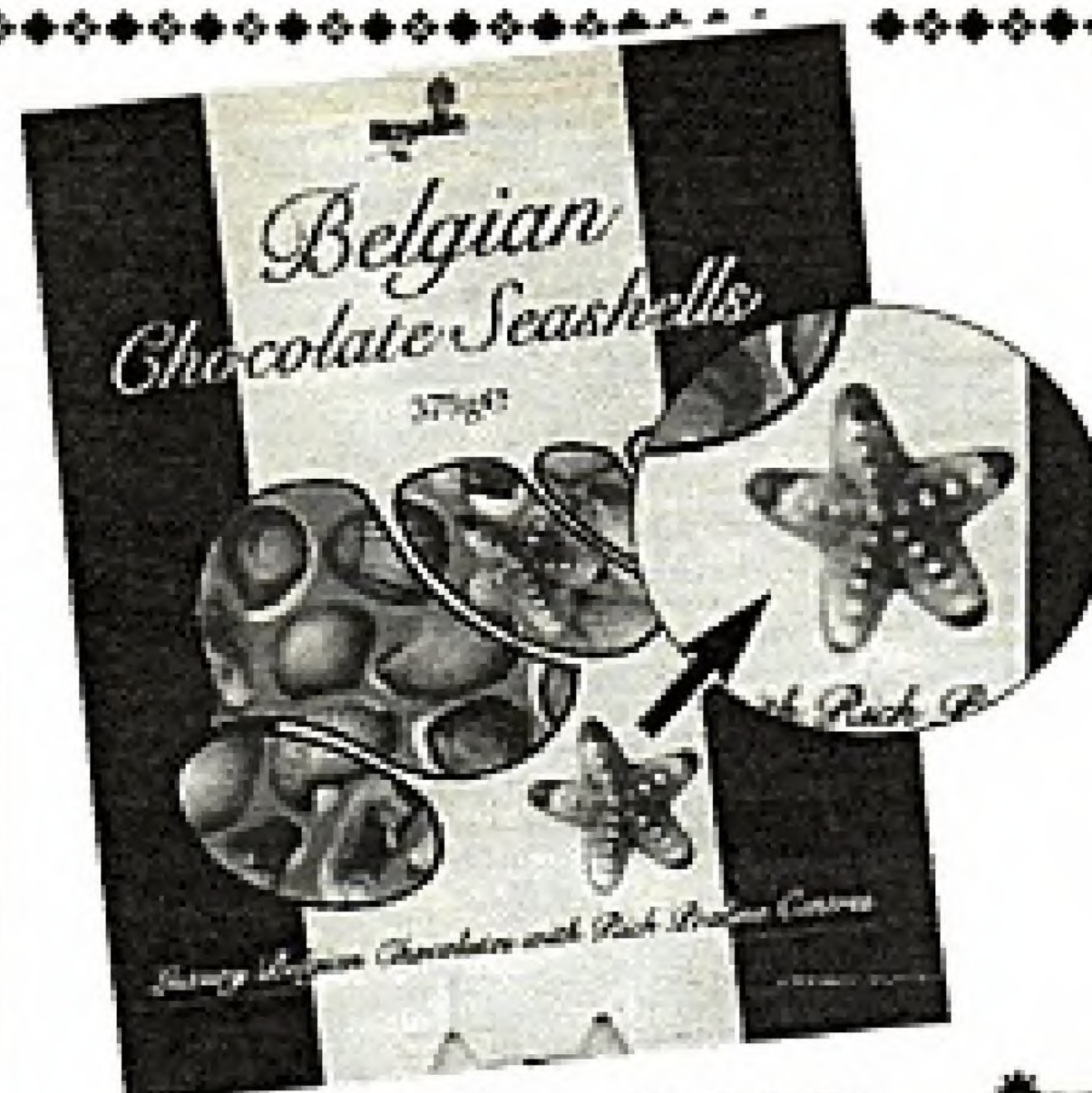
□ Having spent £2.5 million pounds on drugs in the space of a year, Fleetwood Mac could perhaps be excused for their meteorological gaff "Thunder only happens when it's raining". But the squeaky clean Corrs should know better than to repeat this nonsense.

Mavis Madrid



□ Surely there was no need to move the News at Ten to make way for all-action Hollywood blockbuster movies. Trevor MacDonald could simply read the news whilst on fire, being blasted through a large pane of sugar glass by a huge fireball explosion, flailing his arms and legs pointlessly. In a vest.

M. Radcliffe  
Ipswich



□ Harvey Brant (issue 94) wrote that chocolate starfishes were omitted from his box of Guylain Belgian Praline marine molluscs. Next year his girlfriend should buy him 'Royalle' Belgian chocolate seashells. As you can see, they display a chocolate starfish proudly on the front of the box. Inside I also found a rusty sheriff's badge with toffee on it, and a fifties tea towel holder dripping chocolate fudge.

Miss S. Hall  
Jesmond

## TOP TIP

**WHEN** running or taking vigorous exercise, always increase your breathing rate to compensate for the body's additional oxygen requirement.

H. N. Loops  
Belfast

□ Why are all these head-masters and hospital managers so against league tables? If they don't perform well, at least they've still got the cup to look forward to.

N. Weatherall  
E mail

## TOP TIP

**AVOID** the expense of commissioning expensive portraits of your family by simply popping along to the local police station and saying you've been mugged. Describe your loved one in detail to the sketch artist, and when they've finished ask if you can keep a copy.

David Barnett  
Gospel Oak, London

□ Isn't it sweet how lovers always refer to each other by unusual or amusing pet names. I call my girlfriend 'Slinky', because I like to throw her down the stairs every once in a while.

C. M. Carshalton

## Poo bleater



□ So that little ponce off Blue Peter reckons they should tackle more important topics, does he? The cheeky turd. What could be more important than an elephant crapping all over Peter Purvis? I'd give my right arm to do that. In fact I already have.

That Irishman out of Robin's Nest  
(I forgot my name)

P.S. It might have been my left actually.

## TOP TIP

**MANAGERS** at Byker Shell station. Why not hire an aged deaf fuck-wit as your night-time attendant and fit sound proof glass to the service hatch. That way you can ensure that all your customers get a six pack of bog roll and a Lego model instead of the 20 cancer sticks they bloody well asked for in the first place.

Blagwedge  
Byker

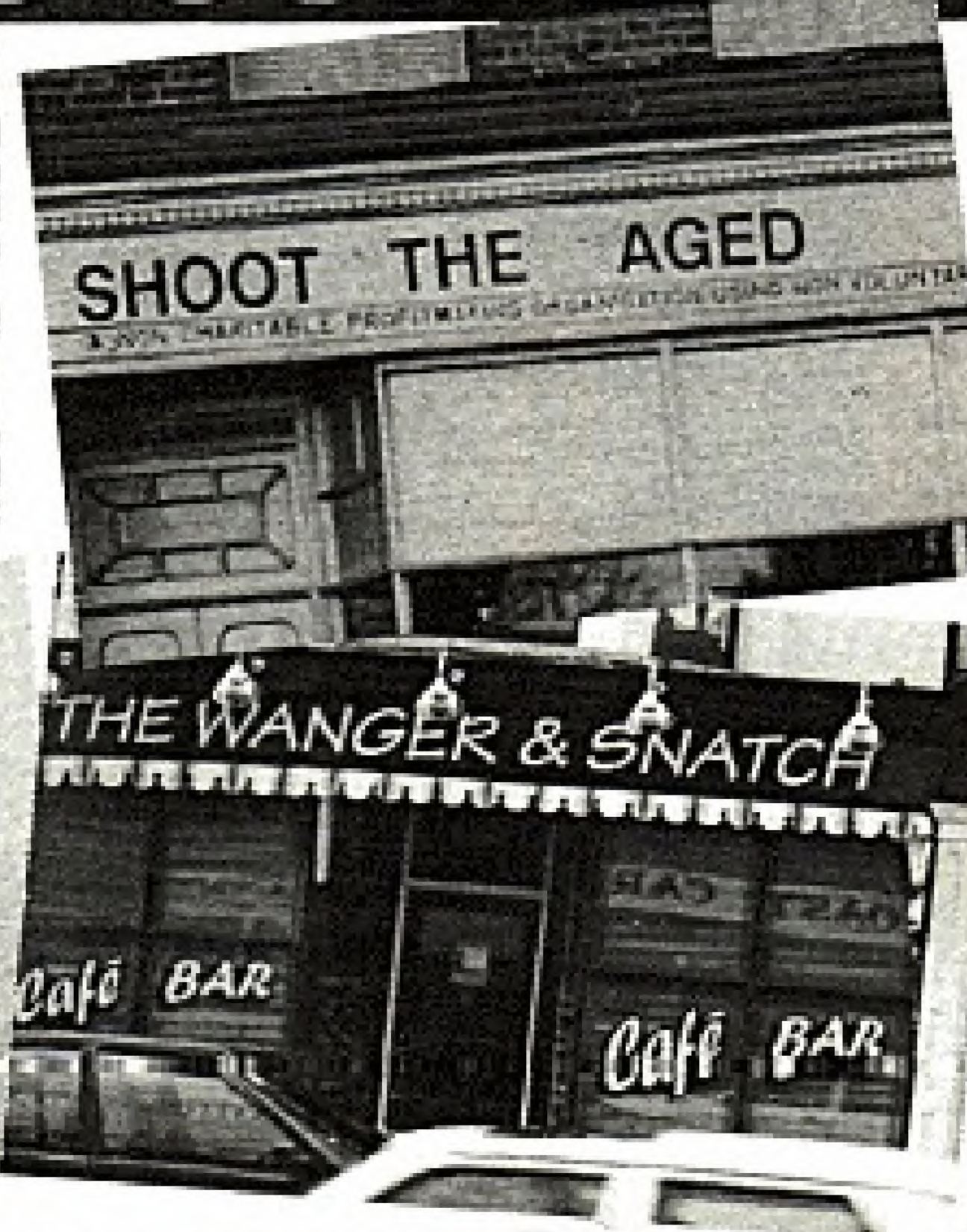


The possibly late Cyril Fletcher's

## PHOTO CORNER

I AM indebted to Matt C. of Essex who spotted this shop in Blackheath (right), where I shall certainly not be going, if I am alive, which I'm not quite sure I

am. And my thanks also go to Bob from London who spotted this sign (below) whilst on holiday. No wonder they call Chicago the Windy City! However, he took this photograph in Johannesburg. And finally, Esther, Mr TJW of Great Yarmouth visited this cafe in his home town, where he tells me he tucked into a bearded clam, whilst his wife sucked on a big pink cock with spunk coming out the end.



WESTERN EUROPEAN REGIONAL MARKET SURVEY  
PUMPING OF PRAWNS  
STRICTLY PROHIBITED

[ WELSH MARKET INVESTIGATION REPORT ]  
POMP VAN STEURGARNALE  
STRENG VERBODEN



## Food for thought

□ Tony Blair says he eats this so-called Frankenstein food and it hasn't done him any harm. But what about his missus? I'm no scientist, but I don't think her uncanny resemblance to the Bride of Frankenstein can be entirely blamed on her boozey. "Seouse git" father's genes.

Paul Coraci  
E mail

## TOP TIP

**PESKY** pubic hairs sticking to your bar of soap? Simply allow the soap bar to dry and then 'shave' it using a swivel blade potato peeler.

John Moore  
E mail

□ In Holland Park the other day I passed the headquarters of the Esperanto Society - who campaign for the world-

wide adoption of their own universal language. However, I couldn't help wondering what language they would use to shout out of the window if the building caught fire. I somehow think that "Assisti! Assisti! Propra domo est je fajr," would not be the first phrase that sprang to their big fat hypocritical lips.

S. Dennis Clifton.

## TOP TIP

**OFFICE** workers. When using Tippex to correct mistakes speed up the drying process by placing the document under the hand dryer in the toilets.

Mark Dale  
E mail

□ If, as Freddie Mercury claimed, fat bottomed girls make the rocking world go round, isn't it about time that the city of Derby received some recognition for it's contribution to astrophysics?

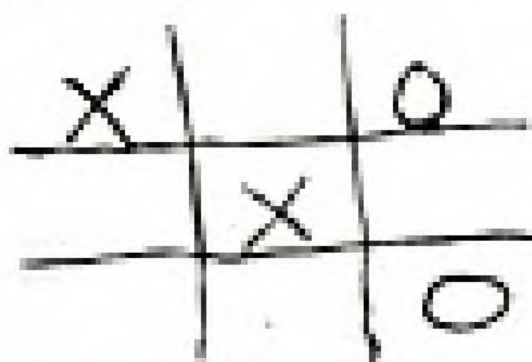
Nail Sedgwick  
Nottingham

## TOP TIP

**TRIM** the wings off a bat with kitchen scissors and, hey presto, a pug-faced, big-eared, slovenly field mouse.

Buzz Herts

□ In reply to Paul Dixon (issue 94)



Your go Paul.

I. Murray  
Hove

□ Owners of smoke alarms - where's your fuckin' sense of adventure?

Heron Bailey  
E mail

□ They say that good manners cost nothing. Bollocks. I sent my daughter to a posh finishing school in Switzerland, and it cost me twenty bastard grand.

J. Morgan  
Wigan

# Miriam

**SOLVES YOUR PROBLEMS**



**Dear Miriam...** MY husband and I went on a two day motor tour. On our return we noticed that the figures for the mileage of the second day were the same as those for the first day but in the reverse order, and the difference between the two days' runs was one-eleventh of the total. How far did we travel in two days? Please help me, Miriam.

\* YOU travelled 99 miles, 54 on the first day and 45 on the second.

## LETTER OF THE DAY

**Dear Miriam...** I am a corn merchant and I have 21 sacks of grain - 7 full, 7 half full, and 7 empty. I wish to divide them equally amongst my three sons. How can I - without transferring any portion of grain from sack to sack - do this so that each son shall not only have an equal quantity of grain, but also an equal number of sacks? I am at my wits end.

\* THIS can be done in two ways. A and B each take 2 full sacks, 2 empty and 3 half-full, and C takes 3 full, 3 empty and 1 half-full. Or, A and B each take 3 full sacks, 3 empty, and 1 half-full, and C takes 1 full, 1 empty and 5 half-full sacks.

**Dear Miriam...** I have a terrible problem and I don't know who to turn to. I am a pig farmer and I have put my pigs into 4 different clover fields. In the 2nd are twice as many as the 1st. In the 3rd twice as many as in the 2nd, and in the 4th twice as many as in the 3rd. The

total number of pigs is 105. Please, please tell me how many are in each field.

\* Relax, Tom. There are 7 pigs in the 1st, field, 14 in the 2nd, 28 in the 3rd and 56 in the 4th.

**Dr. Miriam Stoppard**  
Problem lines you can trust

**Fox, chicken and sack of corn crossing river in one boat**  
**0898 6060**

**FAST to SLOW and WIND to KITE**  
In 4 moves  
**0898 7070**

**5 equilateral triangles with 9 matches**  
**0890 8080**

**Fish anagrams**  
**0890 9090**

**Calls cost 50p per minute**

# SUBSCRIPTIONS



Sally, the subscription girl has gone on holiday with Stephanie, her wicked stepmother, and Mr Atkinson, her natural father. In their place is a hardcore pornographic picture, obscured by bags of peanuts. Every new subscriber will receive one of these bags of peanuts\*. So remember, the more subscriptions we sell, the more of this picture is revealed.

\*Subject to availability.

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# OSWALD MOSLEY

"MIND MY BROLLY"

The Blackshirt Funnyman

SIR OSWALD HAS GOT STAR BILLING AT THE HYPODROME PLAYHOUSE.

I'VE REHEARSED A CORNING ACT FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S SHOW.



ERE — MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM.

MATINEE PERFORMANCE BEGINS IN ONE HOUR, MOSLEY.



RIGHTY-O, GUMNOR — I'LL TODDLE OFF HOME AND SPRUCE UP ME COSTUME.

YOUR BLACK SHIRT'S NEARLY WASHED, SIR OSWALD.



DE-DAH, DE-DAH, THAT'S GRAND, MRS NUTFORD.

LUMME! I MUST'VE USED TOO MUCH BLEACH IN THE WASH.



JIGGLE ME JACKBOOTS WITH A JAVELIN! MY BLACK SHIRT HAS TURNED A BLOCHY GREY.

I CAN'T APPEAR ON STAGE IN AN OFF-BLACK SHIRT.



MY ACT'D BE FLOPPIER THAN A FLATFISH.

I'LL SOON BLACKEN IT UP WITH A DAB OR TWO OF COAL DUST.



MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM, WHILE I POP DOWN THIS COAL CELLAR.

THAT'S NOT A COAL CELLAR, MATE — IT'S A TALCUM POWDER CELLAR.



I'M JUST DELIVERING SOME SUPPLIES TO THIS CHEMIST SHOP.

SWIVEL ME SWASTIKA ON A SWIZZLE-STICK!



THAT'S MADE MY BLACK SHIRT WHITER THAN EVER.

FSCH! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WRITE MY NEW NOVEL WITH A BROKEN PEN?



I WOULDN'T WALK PAST THERE, PAL. P.G. WOODHOUSE KEEPS SHAKING HIS LEAKY FOUNTAIN PEN OUT THE WINDOW.

I'LL HOLD ME SHIRT UP IN FRONT OF P.G. WOODHOUSE'S WINDOW.



IT'LL BE ALL LOVELY AND BLACK FROM INK STAINS IN NEXT TO NO TIME.

EH? WHAT'S THIS?



WHITE INK?

OH! OH! OH! NOTHING LIKE A QUICK PULL ON ME P.G. TIP.



FROTTER THE FUHRER WITH A FRISBEE! 'PLUM' HAS TAKEN A BREAK TO EMPTY HIS PLUMS.

BAH! NOW LOOK AT THE STATE OF ME.



MY SHIRT IS SPATTERED WITH WOODHOUSE'S 'JEEVES & WOOSTER SAUCE'.

A DIP IN THIS TAR SHOULD DO THE TRICK.



THERE — BLACK AS THE AGE OF SPADES. NOW TO PUT IT ON.

TANGLE IT UP FROM A DRAINPIPE! THE TAR IS BOILING HOT.



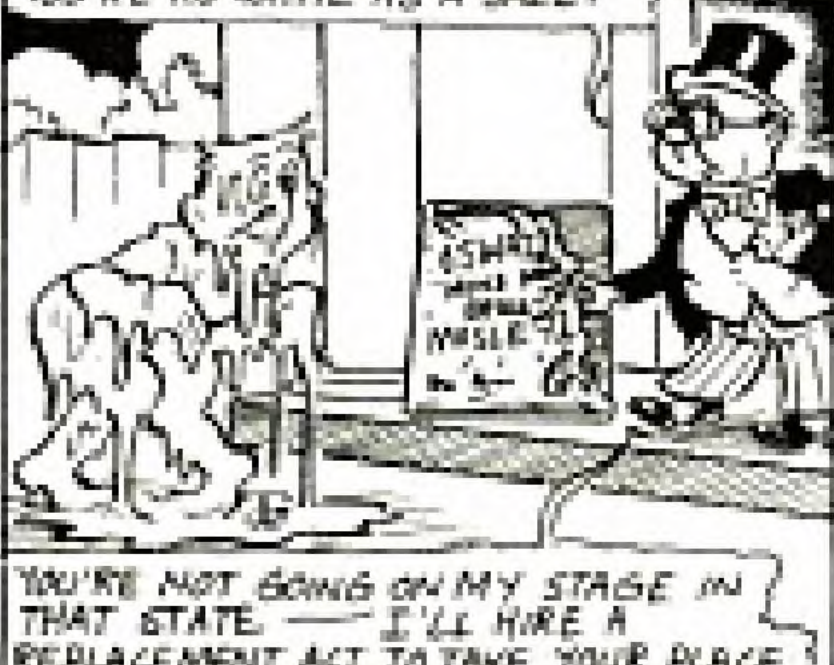
I'LL COOL THAT CHAP DOWN WITH THIS BUCKET OF WATER.

SPLOSH



COO! IT WASN'T WATER — IT WAS WHITEWASH.

CALL YOURSELF A BLACKSHIRT MOSLEY? YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET.



YOU'RE NOT GOING ON MY STAGE IN THAT STATE — I'LL HIRE A REPLACEMENT ACT TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.

NOBBLE ME KNIGHTHOOD WITH A KNORKERRY! THE DAY'S BEEN A COMPLETE WASHOUT.



YIKES! A GHOST! I'M BETTING OUT OF HERE.



WELL DONE! THAT CROOK HAD JUST ROBBED MY SAFE.



PLEASE HELP YOURSELF TO ANYTHING FROM MY SHOP.

HI! YOU CAN PUT MY ACT BACK ON THE BILLING, MR MANAGER.



I'M ALL BLACKSHIRTED UP AND RARING TO GO!

AND... WE MUST HARNESS MODERN MACHINERY AND SECURE A MOBILISATION OF ENERGY, VITALITY AND MANHOOD TO SAVE THE NATION.



MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM.



# DOOR MATT

## THE SPINELESS THAT

HE'S UNDER THE THUMB

MATE GIRLRIEND, CINDY, IS GETTING HER DAILY SHAFTING...

UGH UGH UGH! OOH OOH OOH!

CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!

CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!

UGH! UGH! UGH!

WOON! WOON! WOON!

JEH!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

ERA - CINDY, DEAR, I'VE BROUGHT YOU AND THE NUMBER 1 CUP OF TEA AND BISCUITS

ER - IT'S JUST A SUGGESTION. MAYBE THE PLUMBER FIXED THE HEATING YOU AND HE WOULDN'T NEED TO STAY IN BED TO KEEP WARM

HEA MEN! YEE! BOILERS FUCKED

STONKS!

LATER, IN THE BAR...

SO, HOW'S IT GOING WITH YOUR BIRD?

CINDY, YOU MEAN, GREG, AND YES, IT'S GOING FINE. FANTASTIC IN FACT, WE'RE A FEW MILES IN LOVE AND DON'T HAVE STINK FOR ANYBODY ELSE

TO SEE

NO - SHE'S NOT LIKE THAT THEN SPENT A BIT OF TIME TOGETHER, YES, I'VE WHAT I'M SURE HE WANTS TO SAY

OH - I KNOW CINDY WAS HERE, NOW I'M REALLY STARTING TO MISS HER

CAN'T YOU GO HOME AND SEE HER?

CHIEF ROCKED ME OUT THE LINDOUL CLEANSER, DON'TOON BUILT IN HUNG AN RIVER

BLOODY HELL MATT - CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S JUST USING YOU? YOU'RE BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDGE, MATE!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN SHE BORROWED YOUR VISA AND MADE YOU WAIT IN THE CAR WHILE SHE TOTTERED INTO THE NEURAGENT FOR A PAPER?

SO SHE PUT A TELL TALKERS ON MY CARD I DON'T MIND

A FEW EXTRA? SHE FEEL GOT TO INIZA FOR THRE BLOODY WEEKS?

OH - YES

NO BEEB - THAT'S JUST NOT TRUE SHE EXPLAINED IT ALL TO ME WHEN SHE CAME BACK...

AAWHOW! YOU'VE BEEN A WHILE IN THE NEWSAGENTS - DID YOU GET LOST?

NO - I'VE BEEN TO INIZA FOR THREE WEEKS AND YOUR CREDIT CARD

YES - I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE GOT LOST

LISTEN, MATE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET A BIT OF RESPECT FROM HER OR SHE'S GOING TO KEEP SHAKING ALL OVER YOU

SEE MORE ASSERTIVE TAKE CONTROL, LIVE UP FOR THE MOMENT, DO THINGS WHEN THEY FEEL RIGHT AND TUCK THE CONSEQUENCES

HAM... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL GIVE THAT A GO... I'M FREE NEXT TUESDAY

NO, Y' RICKIN' THAT. TAKE HER OUT FOR A MEAL TONIGHT DRINK LONG TALK TO HER - ROMANCE HER, GO TO A CLUB, DANCE TOGETHER, WALK HOME HAND IN HAND...

YES! YES! THIS IS A SIDE OF YOU I'VE NEVER SEEN, GREG!

ARE - THEN I CAN SHAG HER SENSLESS - I GUARANTEE IT!

GO

BEATIFY NEW MATE

ERA - CINDY, DEAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT TO A MEAL TONIGHT?

AYE - I THINK I WILL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, LIKE?

OH - WELL - I THOUGHT I MIGHT COME ALONG TOO...

YOU RATHER?

ER - YES

RIGHT, SEE YOU THERE AT EIGHT

10:30...

OH - THERE YOU ARE, DARLING! IN SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT

OH! STANFOS! EGG + CHIPS HERE PRONTO!

YES - GOOD CHOICE

I'LL GET THE DOWN IN - THE USUAL, YES?

HALF A HALF OF BABY - CHINA AND BLACK AND COKE WITH A STRAW, AND WATERED DOWN WITH ICE PLAGE

OH - AND A BOLD PINE BITTER OF 'HEAD PICKER' FOR THE LADY

YOU SOUND VERY MUCH IN LOVE, WARD, THE LUCKY GIRL?

THAT'S HER OVER THERE COMPLETING THE MARRIAGE

SHIT, LONELY

ERE, WANKER! I'M TAKING YOUR WALLET FOR 2 PM FOR A TAXI, ME AND GREG ARE OFF FOR A SHAG

ALRIGHT MATE

MAKE HER OWN WAY HOME

3 HOURS LATER...

CREAK! CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!

UGH! UGH! UGH!

JEH!

YES! YES! YES!

GRUNT GRUNT GRUNT GRUNT!

I'VE HAD A WONDERFUL NIGHT DEAR, WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN SOON

WELL - LOVE YOU, GOODNIGHT

OOH OOH OOH!

DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SLEEP OUTSIDE TONIGHT? I'VE GOT A HEADACHE

OOH!



# Matthew Shight



★ **RED** faces at Pinewood Studios, where six-footer **Ewan McGregor** is starring in *Moulin Rouge*, a film about titchy painter Toulouse-Lautrec. Height worries? "No, you stupid cunt. I'm playing another character. Now get out of my fucking bathroom," quipped my old chum.

## RAY OF SHIGHT

I WENT to see my superstar pal, **Madonna** at the Hammersmith Odeon last week. After a wonderful gig, I went backstage where she opened her heart exclusively to yours truly. "Who's this asshole? How did he get past security?" she gushed.

★ **GUESS** what. Neither 007 star **Pierce Brosnan** or **Scary Spice Mel B.** were anywhere to be seen in Soho's trendy *Titanic Bar* when I stood on a box to look through the window last night before running away when a policeman came.

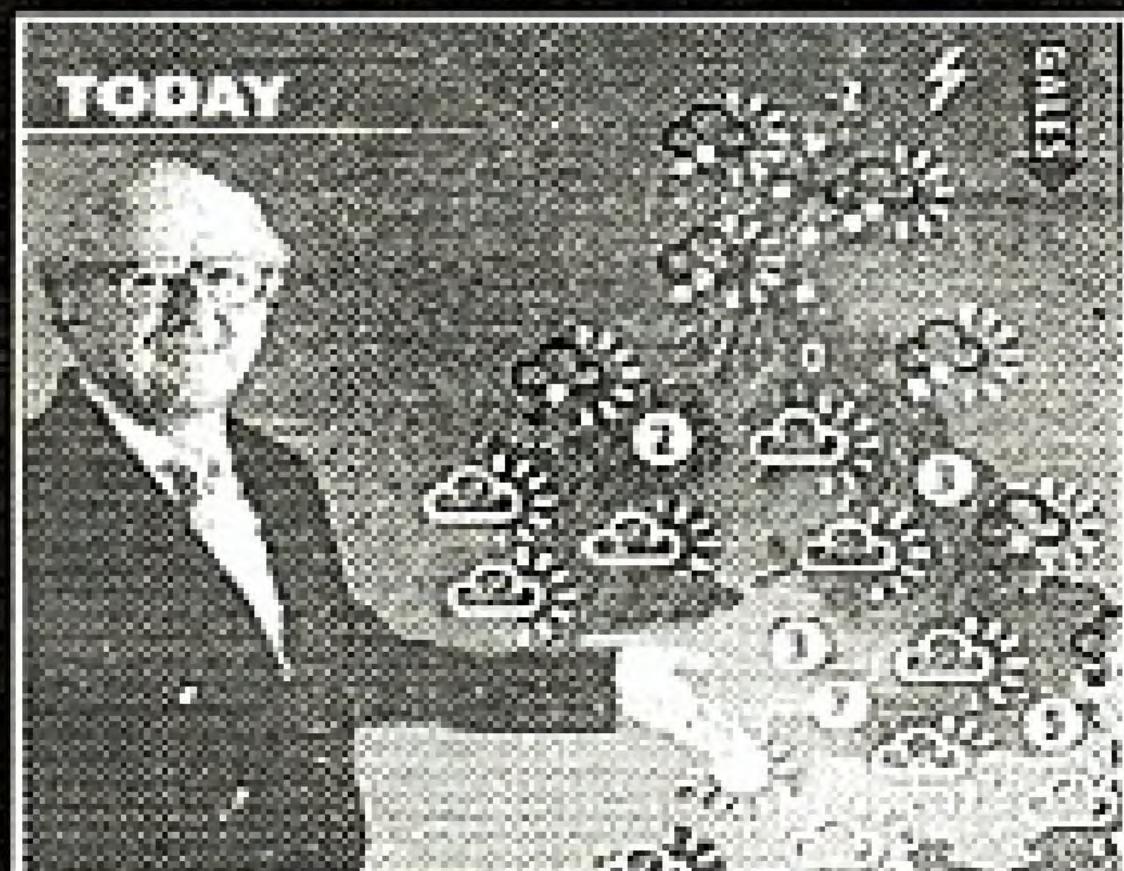
**BIG** *Breakfast* star **Johnny Vaughan** has to get up very early in the morning, according to my spies at *Channel 4*. Johnny who used to present the programme with **Denise Van Outen** and now shares star billing with bra model **Kelly Brook**, must get up at 5.30am at the latest. "He probably has an alarm clock", one insider at **Bob Geldof** - who was married to **Paula Yates** - 's ex-TV company told me.

## CARPETING FOR MATT

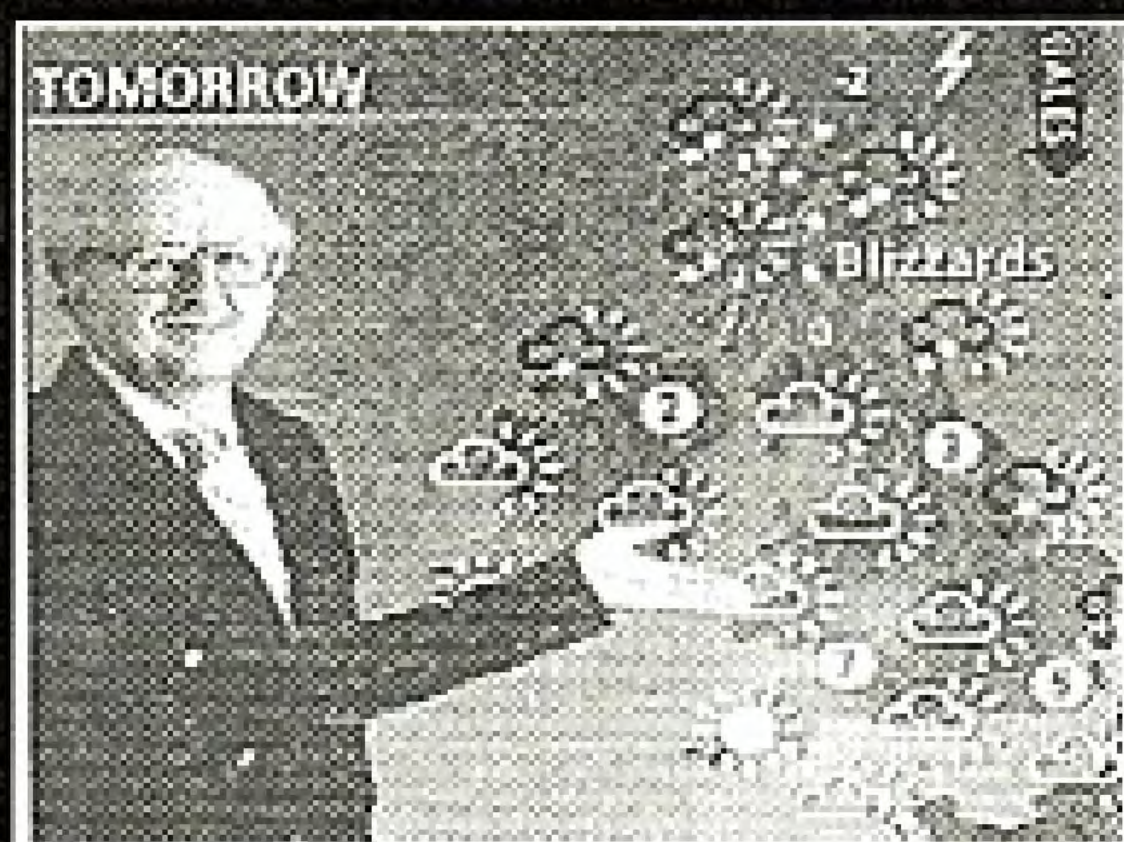
WHAT an honour this lunchtime for your illustrious scribe. Returning from loitering outside **Gordon Ramsay's** top eatery, where pop bad boy **Robbie Williams** once lightheartedly spat in my face, I was called into the Editor's office. "Shight, isn't it? You're fired. Clear your desk and fuck off," quipped my best mate, **Mr. Moron**.

**KNOW ANYTHING THAT MIGHT FILL THIS COLUMN?  
ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING. JUST AS LONG AS IT TAKES  
SOME SPACE UP. CALL ME ON 09090 400 915**

# Liam's back-lane bust-up



INDICATES: Fish shows where winds will be high



POINTS: Moves hand upwards

## Storm Warning!

THESE EXCLUSIVE pictures show the most dramatic moments from this Saturday's edition of the *Weather Forecast*. I can reveal that weatherman **Michael Fish** points his finger at an area of low pressure over the North of Scotland and a band of rain moving in from the South later. Shocked viewers will also see the veteran meteorologist predict gusting winds and blizzards across the south.

The dramatic episode ends with Fish, who is married to his real-life wife, **Mrs. Fish**, summarising Sunday's weather and looking ahead to the early part of next week. But if you want to know the long range forecast, you'll have to tune in.

**O**ASIS wildman **Liam Gallagher**, whose rocky marriage to **Patsy Kensit** has kept him in the headlines for all the wrong reasons, has made a fool of himself yet again.

For 20 extraordinary minutes, he berated me in the back lane of his £7 million Chalk Farm mansion.

Our paths crossed whilst I was rummaging through his £200 dustbins. "Not you again, you little cunt. It's three in the morning."

"For fuck's sake leave me alone" he yelled, humiliating himself. His ridiculous shouting woke up neighbour **Rowan Atkinson**, who once stabbed me in the face with a fork whilst I simply tried to go through his pockets at a showbiz barbecue, thrown by my old pal **Elton John**.

"Liam," I explained, "I'm just looking for any old rubbish to fill my column tomorrow." After a further tirade of abuse, during which he slurred his words, he borrowed my mobile phone to make a call. Minutes later, Liam and I were joined by my old mate **Bonehead** and a couple of minders.



Gallagher: Embarrassed.

"That's it! You're fucking dead," they joked, before pinning me to the ground and cutting my trousers off with a Stanley knife. Liam, then made a complete laughing stock of himself by ramming a broken lemonade bottle up my arse.

"Stick that in your fucking column, you little wanker," he laughed. Well, Liam, that's just what I've done. So who's sorry now?



## Don't miss your Saucy Seaside Postcards

featuring all your favourite *Viz* characters



Free with **VIZ** Issue 96  
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# It's the quiz that sorts the Men from the Boys in Blue

# Are YOU a COPPER?

"IF you want to know the time ask a policeman," so the saying goes. But if someone asked YOU the time, would you know if you were a policeman or not? With many of today's cops wearing plain clothes, like Inspector Morse and DI Jack Frost, you could be a bobby without knowing it. Wearing a full police uniform is no indication either, you might simply be going to a fancy dress party. The only way to find out the truth is to help yourself with your own enquiries by answering the following questions. Take down anything you say and use it in evidence to find out whether YOUR jobby is a BOBBY.

**1** One night you spot someone in a cloth cap and a stripy jumper shinning down a drainpipe with a sackful of candelabras. How many times would you say 'Hello' to him?

- a. Once
- b. Twice
- c. Three times

**2** You arrive at the scene of a hit-and-run accident. The victim is a young black lad who has been knocked off his bike and is unconscious. What is the first thing you do?

- a. Check for vital life signs and put him in the recovery position.
- b. Ask if anyone took the registration number of the vehicle involved.
- c. Slap him till he comes round, ask where he stole the bike from and throw him into the back of a police van.

**3** You are trying to teach your pet dog to sit and stay on command, but after a few hours he is getting bored and losing concentration. What do you do?

- a. Give up and take him for a walk.
- b. Speak to him in a loud voice to show him who is boss.
- c. Hang him by his collar over a fence and kick him to death.



A police dog.

**4** Early one morning, you find yourself first at the scene of a break-in at a newsagents shop. The owner has yet to arrive. What do you do?

- a. Call the police and guard the shop to prevent further looting.
- b. Hurry past, it's nothing to do with you.
- c. Go inside and stuff your uniform with fags, and sell them later to work colleagues from your locker at the station.

**5** Your young son comes home from school and reports that he has done quite badly in a spelling test. What action would you take?

- a. Humorously laugh it off, telling him Shakespeare was unable to spell.
- b. Sit down and calmly discuss the problem.
- c. Take him down to the cellar, wrap him in a

mattress, and beat him with a length of rubber hose.

**6** At work, your boss discovers that you have been systematically incompetent and dishonest. You are looking at certain dismissal and a possible prison sentence. What course of action would you take?

- a. Resign in disgrace and accept your punishment.
- b. Deny all charges and try to ride the storm.
- c. Accept early retirement on the grounds of 'ill health' with a fucking big lump sum and a full pension.

**7** In the bathroom one morning, you notice that the toothpaste tube has been squeezed from the middle, and the top left off. What course of action do you take?

- a. Replace the cap and think no more about it.
- b. Make a joke of it over breakfast, hoping the culprit will get the message.



The police yesterday.

c. Lock each member of the family in a separate room and keep them awake for 5 days. Disorientate them with violent 'Nice & Nasty' mood swings and lead each one to believe that the others have made signed statements blaming them. When their spirit is broken, hand

them a brief and innocuous statement to sign, the last two pages of which are blank, and to which you later add a fabricated confession.

**7** You go into a shop to buy a hat. What sort do you choose?

- a. A trilby hat.
- b. A baseball hat.
- c. A tall, black tit with a metal nipple.

**8** Driving home from the pub, you are pulled over by a police car and breathalysed. The roadside test proves positive. What do you do?

- a. Admit the offence and vow to change your ways.
- b. Contest the result and demand a blood test at the station.
- c. Flash your warrant card at the officer and drive merrily on your way.

**9** What sort of person were you at school?

- a. Studious and academic.
- b. Sporting and competitive.
- c. A big racist bully, pick-pocket and thief with no friends.

**10** What do you consider the most important skill you bring to your profession?

Tall and proud, a member of the Metropolitan police. How do you measure up?

- a. An ability to organise and work as a member of a team.
- b. The capacity to solve problems quickly and imaginatively.
- c. Being over 5 foot 10.

## HOW DID YOU DO?

**MAINLY A'S:** Oh, dear! You are fair, honest, hard-working and you always try to do the right thing. You are certainly not a copper, and never will be. There is no place in the police force for the likes of you.


**MAINLY B'S:** You are not definitely a copper, but on the other hand you are not definitely not a copper neither. You are somewhere in between. Perhaps you're a traffic warden or a security guard in Top Shop.

**MAINLY C'S:** Congratulations! You're the Fuzz. Tirelessly pounding the beat in your big, shiny shoes, you impartially dish out justice to young and old, black or white, paying particular attention to the young and black.

DOCTOR, MY HUSBAND'S HAD A STRIKE.







**Primary school halfway  
up a fucking mountain?  
No problem.**

## The Satsuma Mohican

The Satsuma Mohican is a unique 4x4 that will take any terrain in its stride. From the traffic-calming measures outside the nursery school, to that pot-hole in Sainsbury's car park, nothing gets in its way. Its revolutionary low-ratio five-speed transfer box and limited-slip differential make short work of the steepest multi-storey, whilst its double wishbone suspension and rugged ladder chassis make child's play of mounting the kerb to use the cashpoint. And when the going gets rough, the Mohican passes the McDonalds Drive-Thru test with ease, thanks to its 6 litre V8 engine and featherlight power steering. The Satsuma Mohican- take it anywhere, but not too far from a petrol station. Call 005690 6151

**Satsuma Mohican** £31,200 on the road. Price includes child seats, driver side vanity mirror, handbag compartment, dashboard jamrag holder, hands-free lipstick applicator, Chris Rea CD, number plates and stainless 'Warning' 11 years or 400 miles. Model shown Satsuma Mohican Geronimo £50,500

 **SATSUMA**  
SLEDGEHAMMERS TO CRACK NUTS



# Jack Black and the Toilet Mystery



It was the Spring Bank holiday at last, and Young Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying with Aunt Meg at her quaintly-named Hangman's Cottage in the heart of a sleepy Cotswold village.



Aunt Meg: Did they really used to hang bad men in this cottage?

No, Jack. It was just where the hangman lived with his family...

...the executions took place here in the garden.



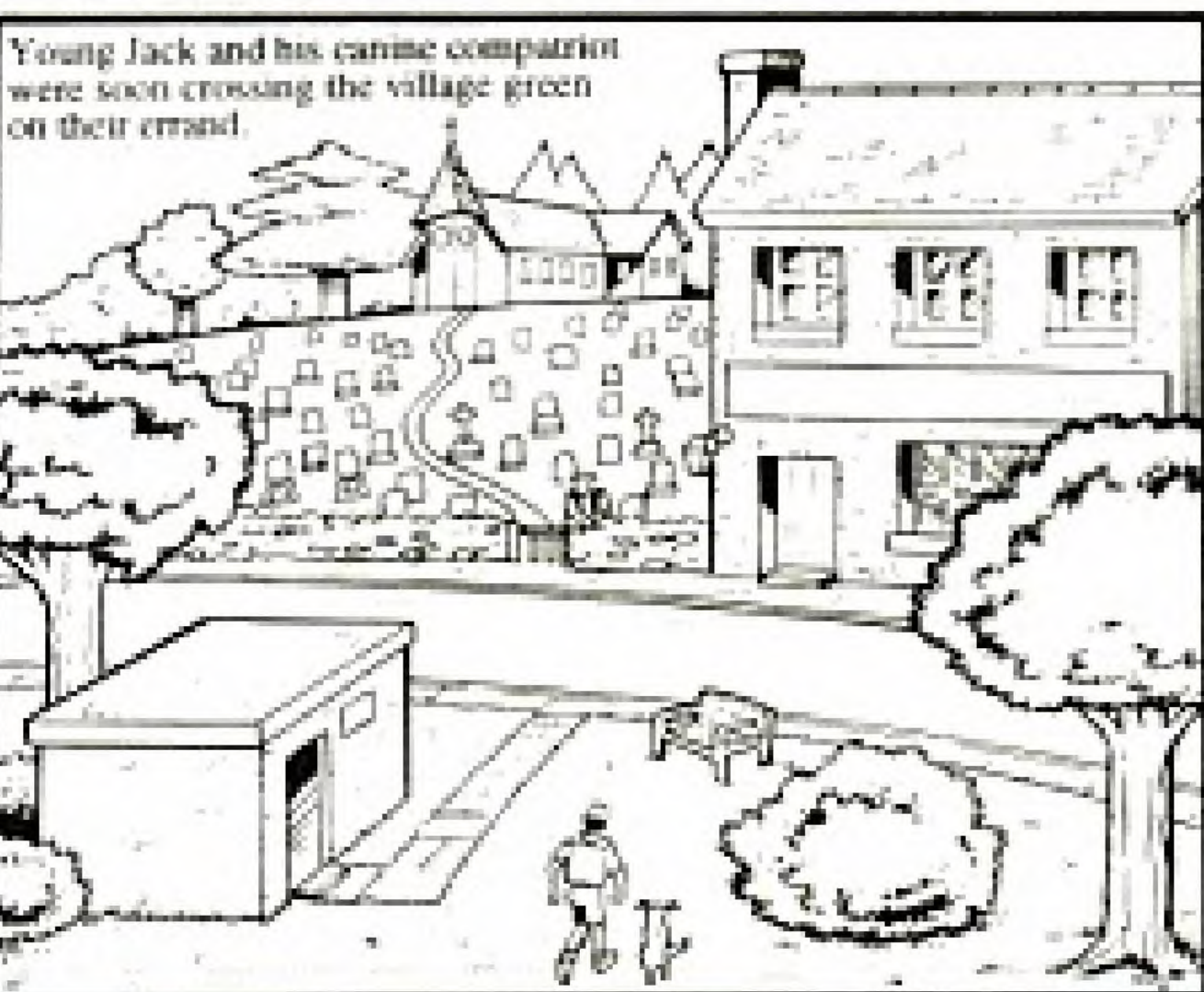
WOW!!

All that's hanging in the garden these days is my washing!



Oh, dear, I've run out of pegs. Be a love, Jack, and pop into the village to buy me one would you? Here's fivepence four farthings in the old money.

Okay, Aunt Meg. Come on Silver.



Young Jack and his canine companion were soon crossing the village green on their errand.



I'll just nip to the toilet, Silver.

After 5 glasses of Aunt Meg's homemade lemonade, I'm busing for a gypsy's kiss.

Hold on there, young Jack.



It was Old Tom, the grizzled grave digger who had spoken.

You don't want to go in there.

Why ever not?

There's been queer goings on in there these past few months.



How do you mean, 'queer goings on'?

Shenanigans, young Jack. Strange, unnatural doings and beastliness.

Gosh!

Take my advice, Jack. Don't go in there.



The puzzled juvenile investigator made his way to Britain's only Police station-cum-peg shop.

Hello, young Jack. What'll it be, pegs or police?

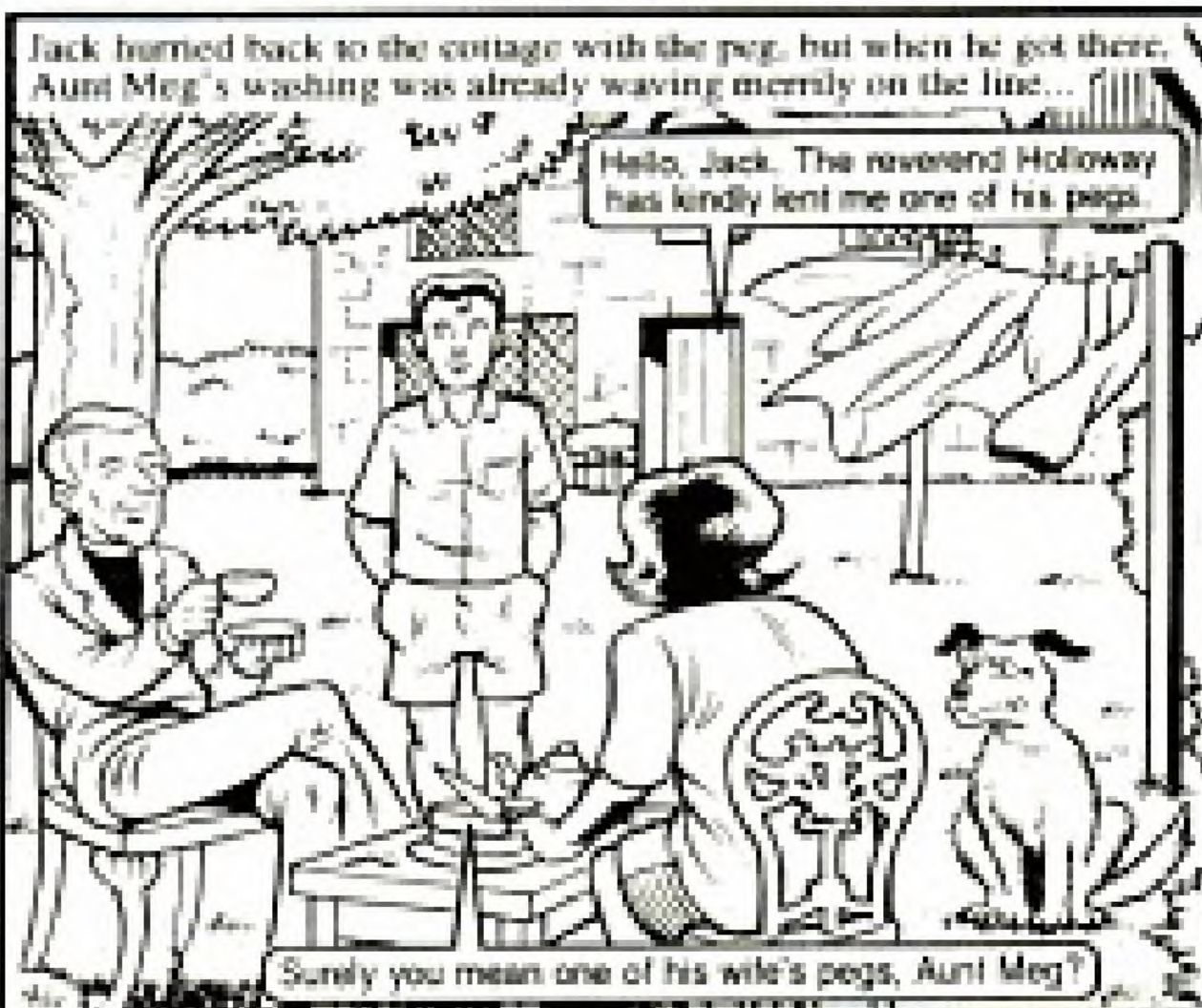
Well, a bit of both, actually, P.C. Potter.



As he sold Jack a peg, P.C. Potter listened to what he had to say about what the grave digger had had to say about the toilets.

Somebody up to queer business in the toilets on the green, ah? I can't understand it. The last 'one of them' around here was hanged in 1636.

I'll certainly look into it for you...



Jack hurried back to the cottage with the peg, but when he got there, Aunt Meg's washing was already waving merrily on the line...

Hello, Jack. The reverend Holloway has kindly lent me one of his pegs.

Surely you mean one of his wife's pegs, Aunt Meg?



Oh, no, Jack. You see, I'm not married.

Now run along and wash your hands, Jack. It's nearly tea-time.

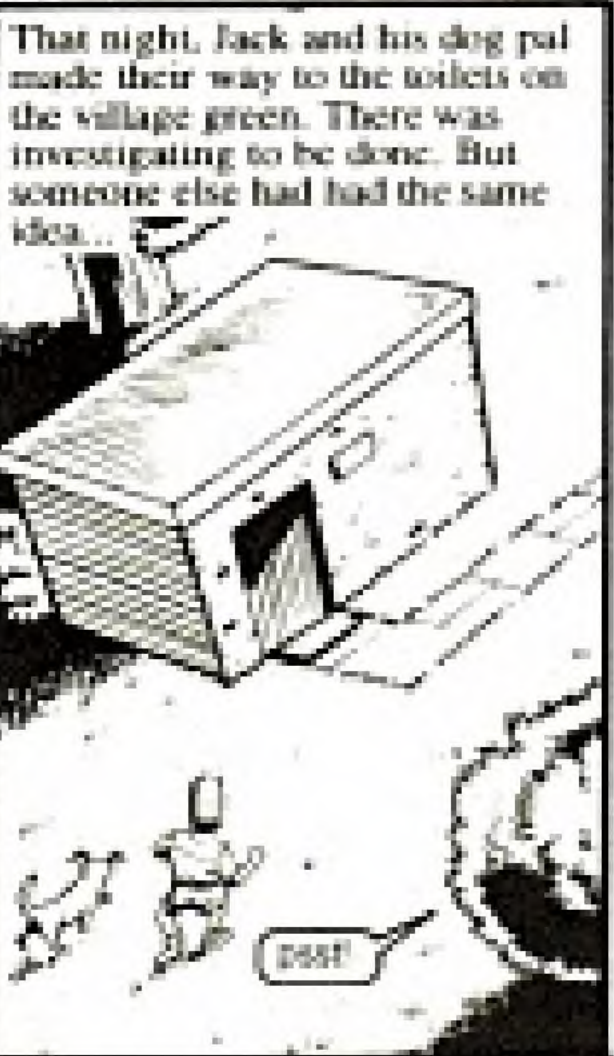


As I was saying, Mrs. Aunt Meg, the plight of the young street urchins of Anglesey is really most upsetting. I was watching a harrowing documentary on the subject only last evening on Channel 4.

Oh, dear me. Tut! More tea?



But Jack was not washing his hands just yet. Something about this view had aroused his suspicions.



That night, Jack and his dog pal made their way to the toilets on the village green. There was investigating to be done. But someone else had had the same idea.



It was P.C. Beecham...

Don't go in there, Jack. I've set a honey trap. P.C. Beecham is standing at the urinal with his cock in his hand, winking at men as they go in...

...he's going to arrest the first one who winks back at him.

Gosh!



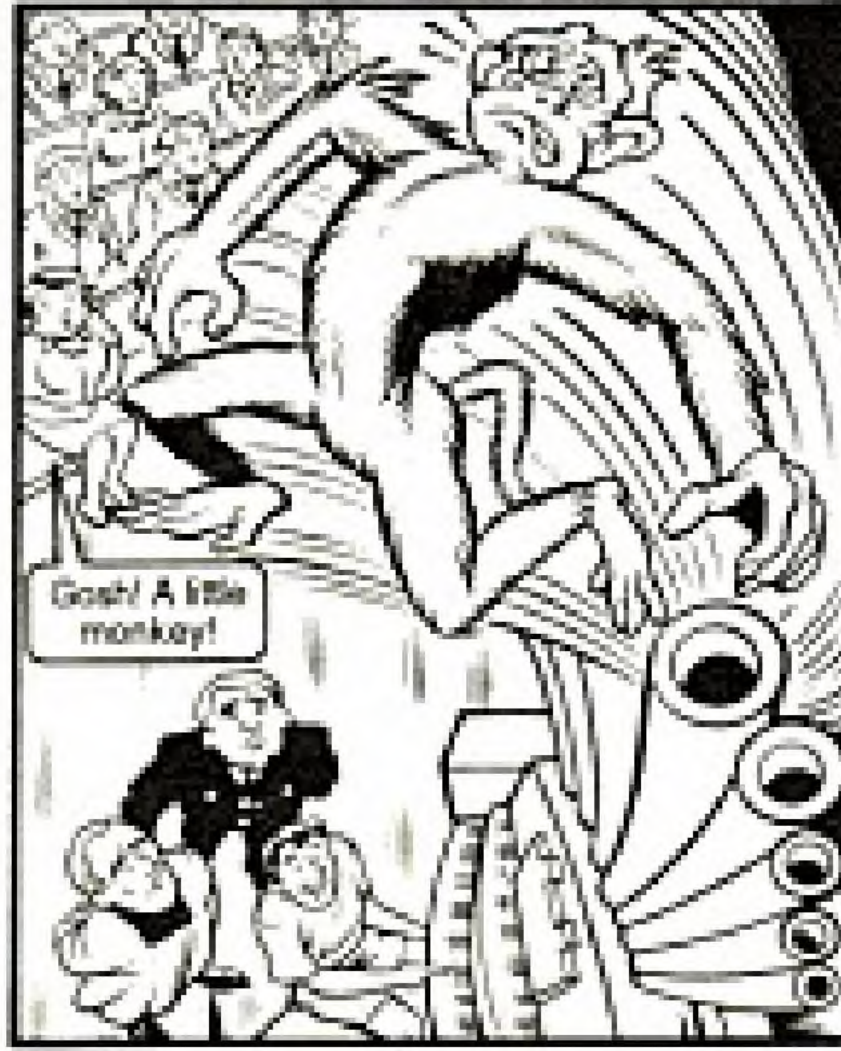
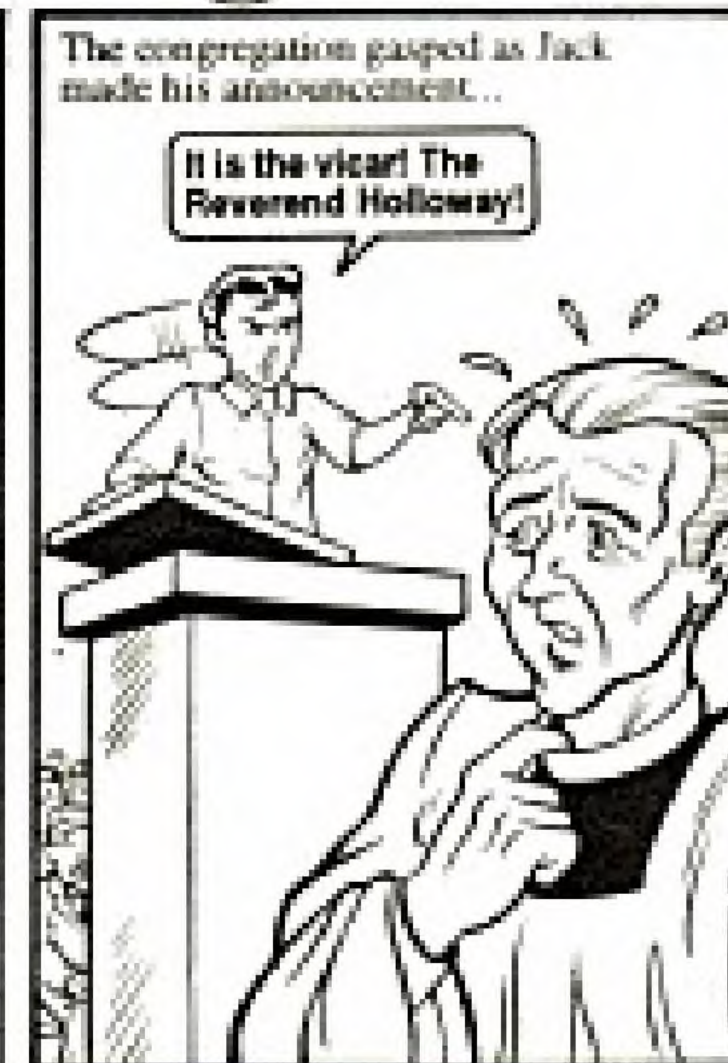
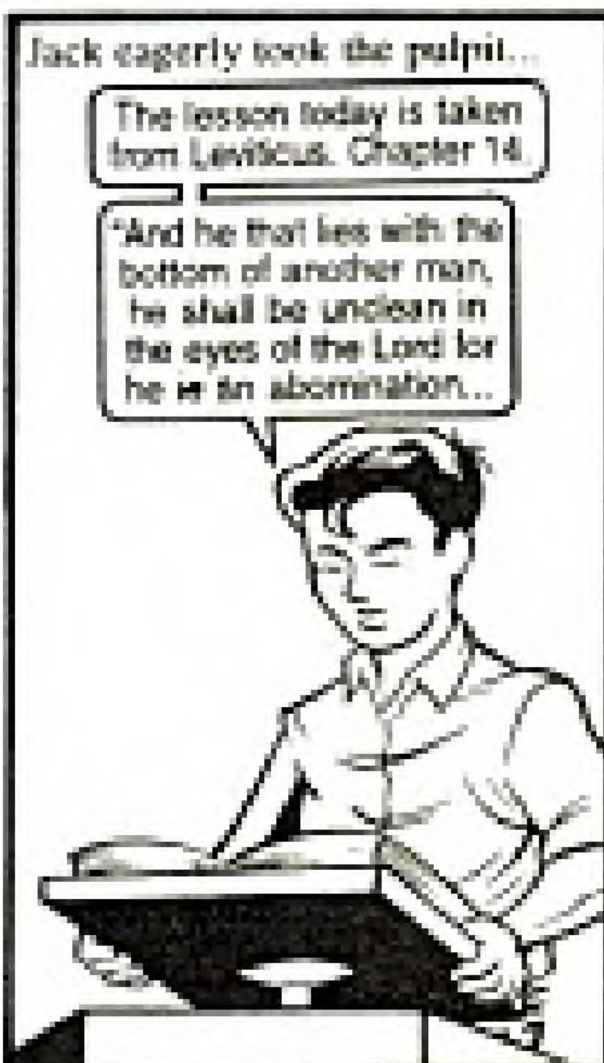
Suddenly, a startled cry from the conveniences broke the still night air, and P.C. Beecham staggered out onto the green...

What is it, P.C. Beecham? What happened?

I, I don't rightly know. I was just standing there...

when I suddenly felt myself becoming engaged in an act of gross indecency in a public place.







A moving picture window on the events that



**Zoe  
Ball's**

# **Zoe- of the Mill**

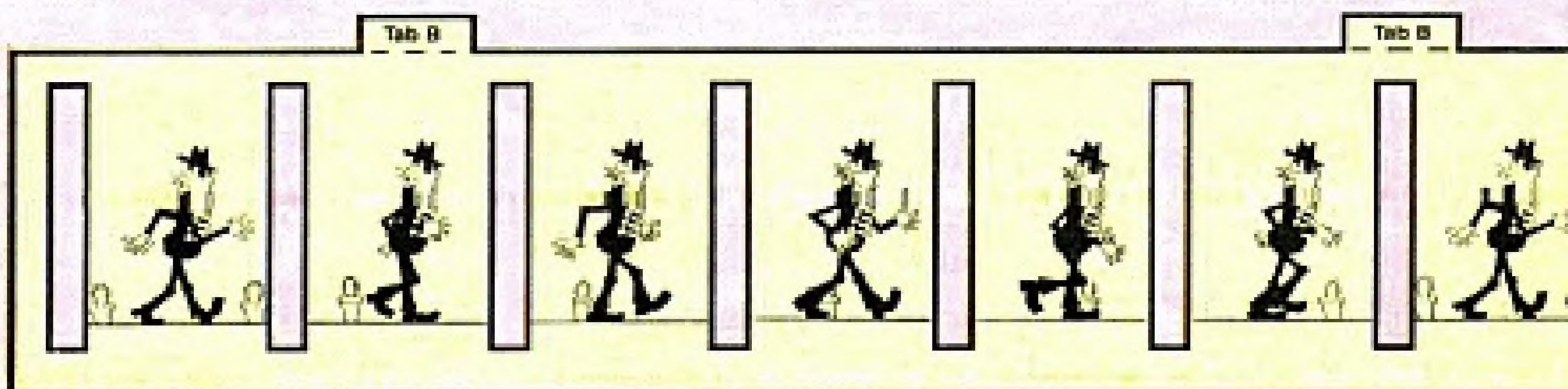
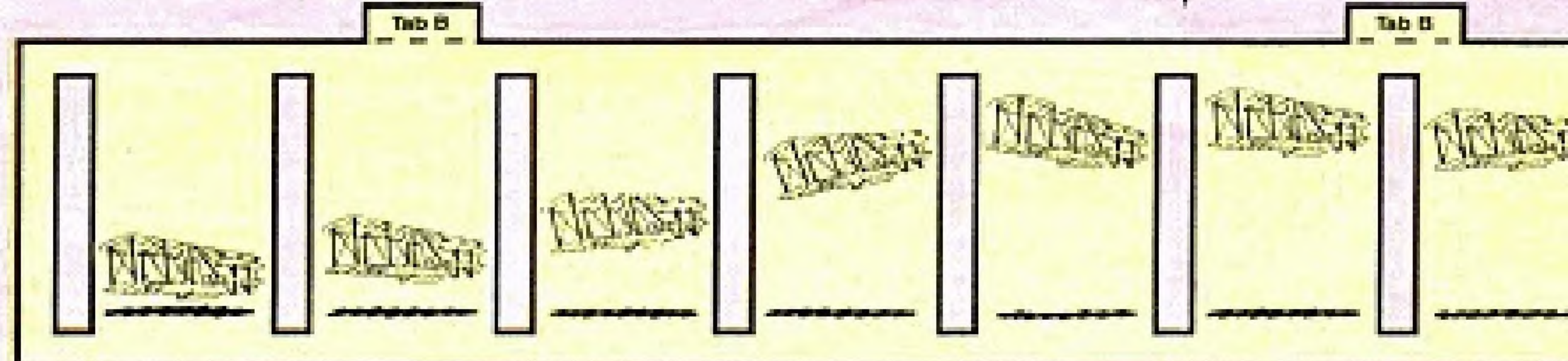
**I**n the last thousand years the world has changed beyond all recognition. At the turn of the last millenium, electric light, motorways and the internet were nothing but pipe dreams. Anyone who suggested that it might one day be possible to fly to New York on Concorde in three hours would have been burned at the stake. But civilisation has progressed at an ever increasing rate and great thinkers such as Galileo, Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein have all left their mark on history.

**The** story of the last 1000 years would fill a whole shelf of books. From the Crusades to the Industrial Revolution. From Christopher Columbus discovering America, to Neil Armstrong setting foot on the moon. From the invention of gunpowder, to the bombing of Hiroshima, the story of civilisation is a tapestry of momentous events woven on the warp and weft of time.

**Now** Radio One breakfast show host-cum-lightweight TV presenter Zoe Ball has selected the five most significant moments in history and brought them to life with this fantastic 'Zoe-trope of the Millenium'. It's a unique opportunity for historians to step back in time and experience the *five key events* that shaped our world. Simply spin and watch spell-bound as history is brought 'Allee & Kicking'.

## **ZOE'S KEY EVENTS**

- 1066** King Harold dies at the Battle of Hastings
- 1903** Wilbur and Orville Wright achieve powered flight
- 1983** Michael Jackson invents 'Moonwalking'
- 1998** Robbie Williams releases 'Let Me Entertain You'
- 1999** Mel B. becomes first ever Spice Girl to have a baby.





have shaped a thousand years.

# trope emium



Fig 1

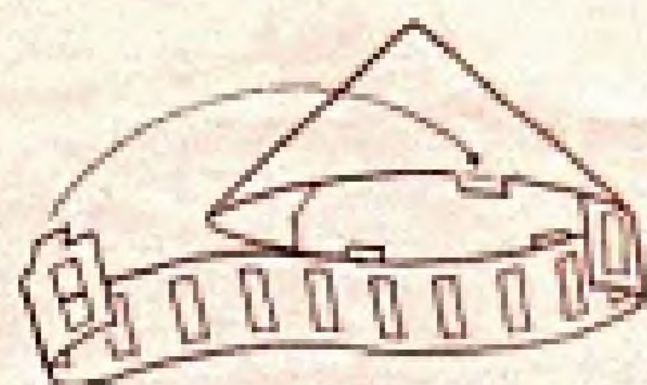


Fig 3



Fig 2

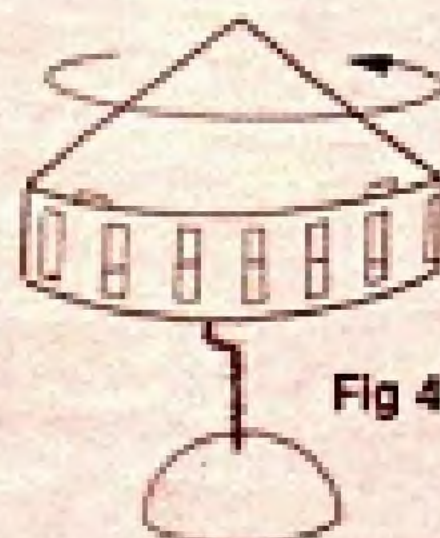


Fig 4

Tab A

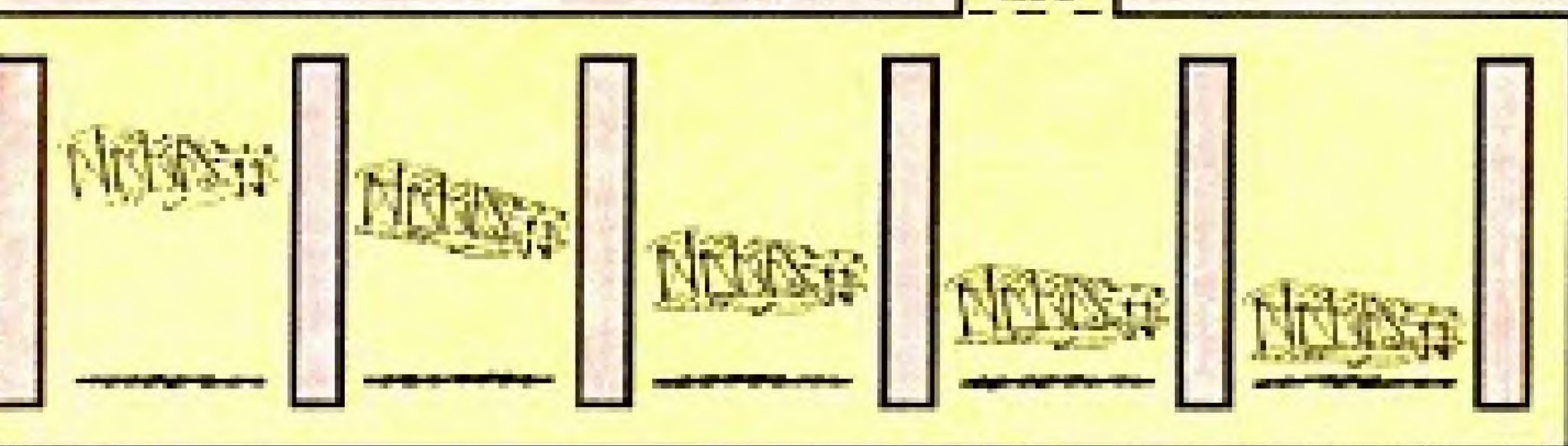
## INSTRUCTIONS

Cut out the canopy of the Zoo-trope and stick down tab A (fig. 1) to form a Chinese hat shape. Take a pipe cleaner, put a kink in the centre and insert one end in half a grapefruit (fig. 2). Cut out the historical event strips and remove the coloured bits to form viewing slots. Insert tabs B into slots C on the chinese hat (fig. 3). Suspend the Zoo-trope on the pipe cleaner, spin gently and peer through the slots to watch history unfold (fig. 4) before your very eyes (fig. 5).

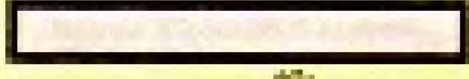
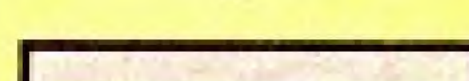
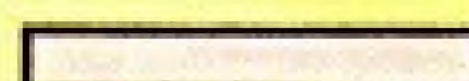
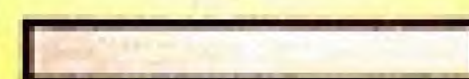
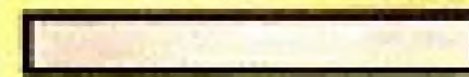
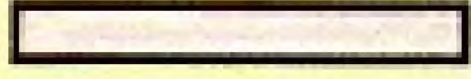
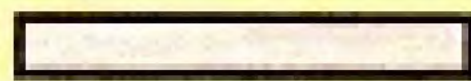
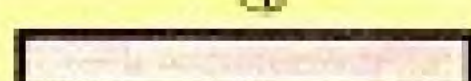
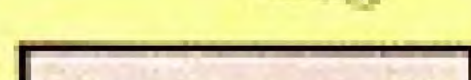
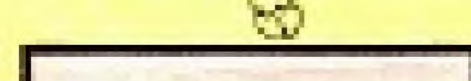
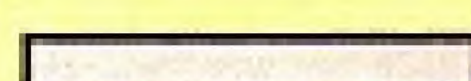
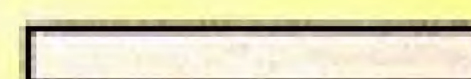
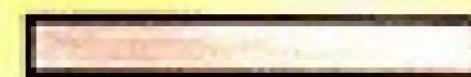
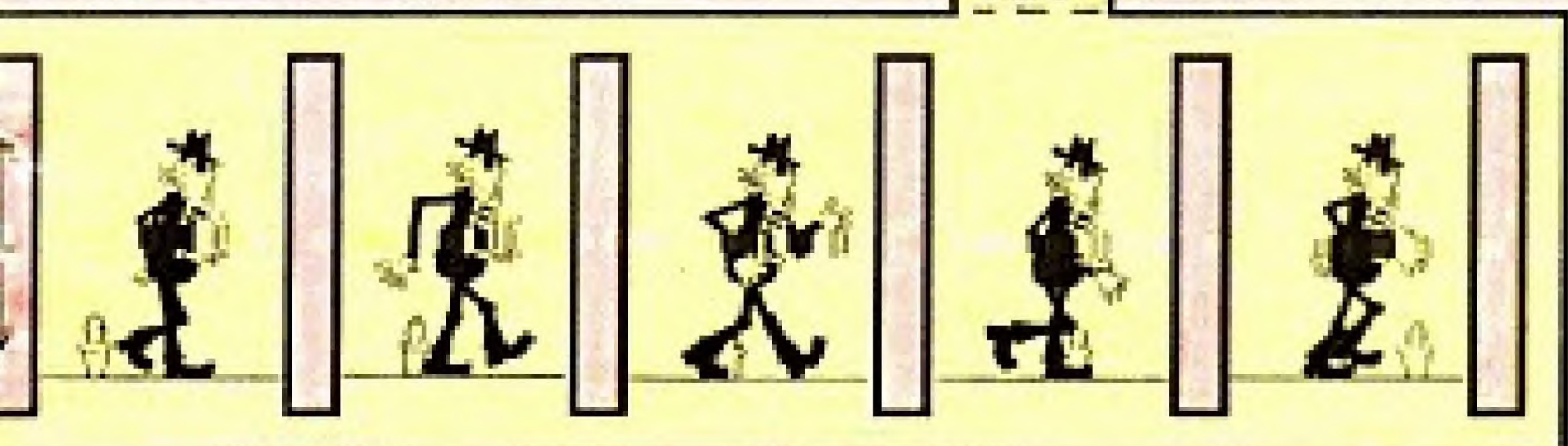
Fig 5



Tab B



Tab B



Tab B

Tab B

Tab B

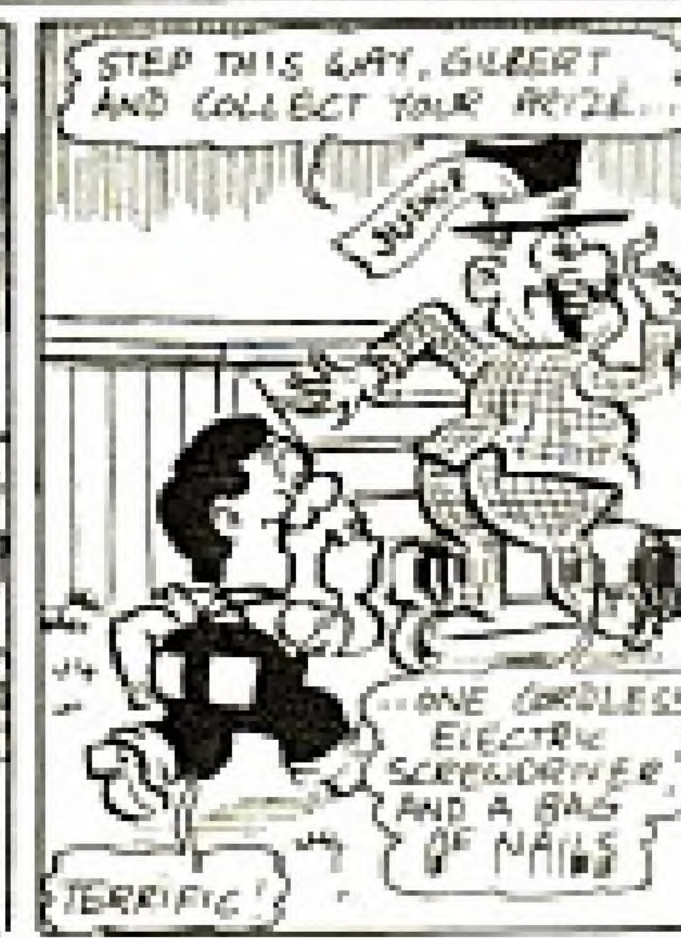
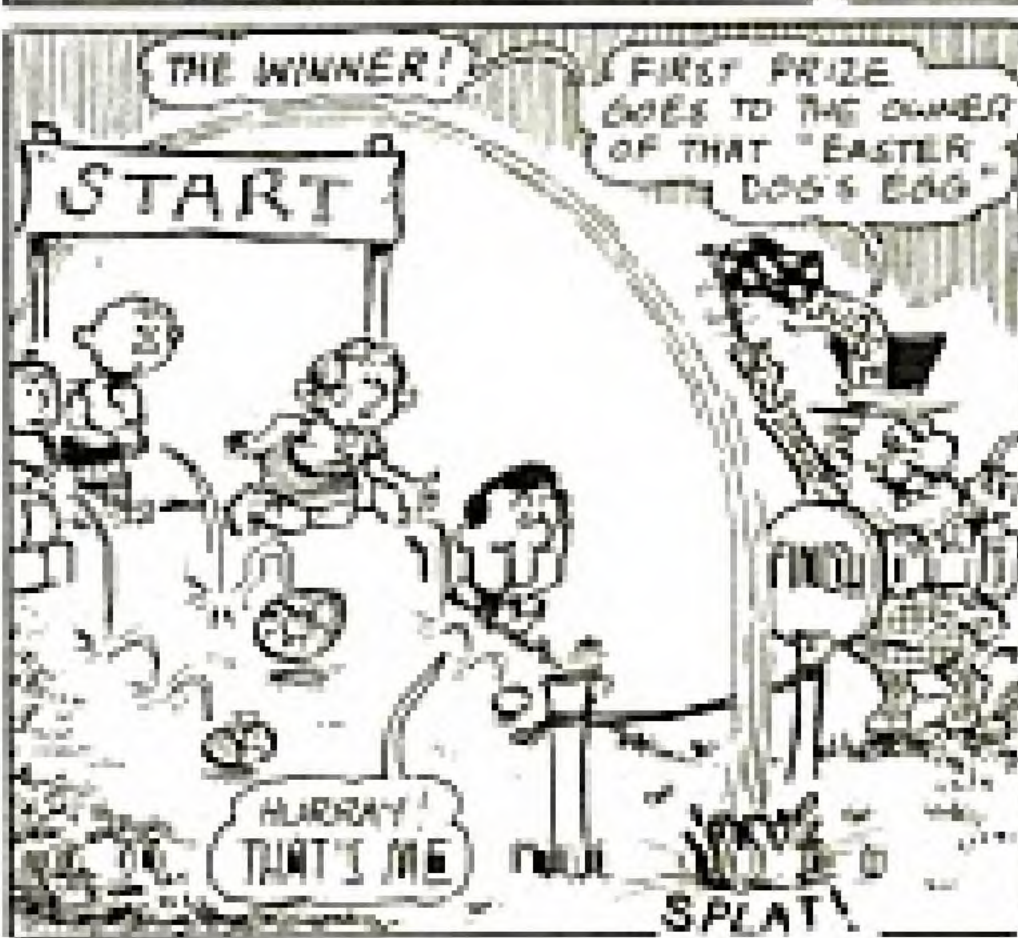
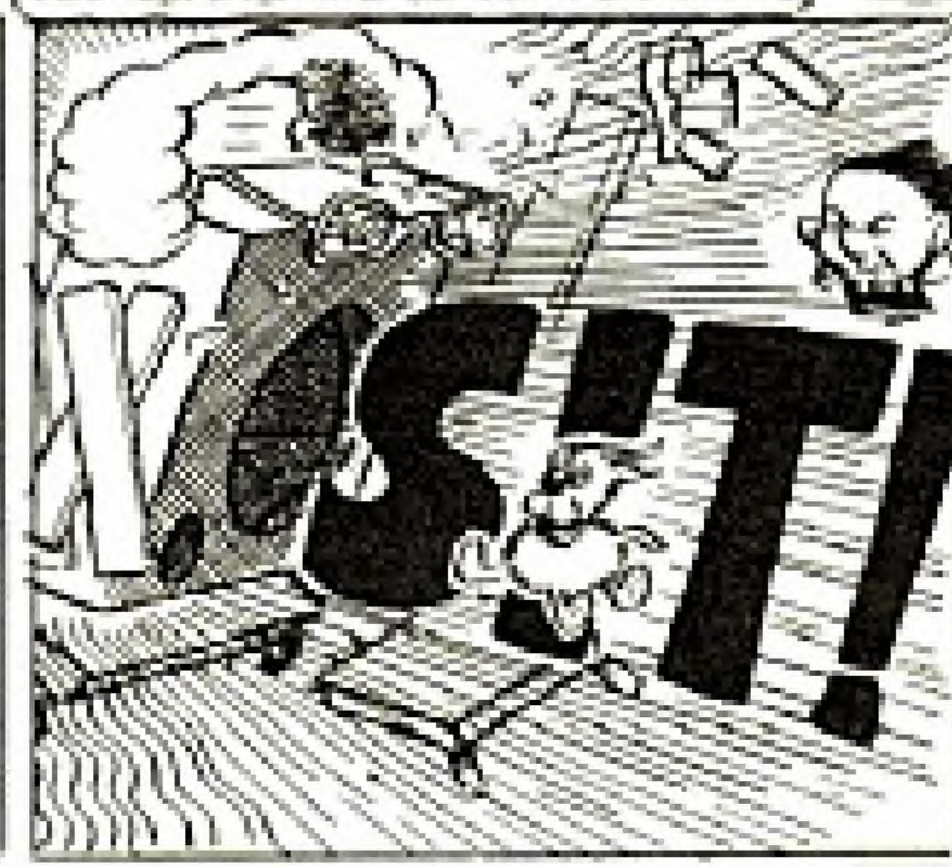
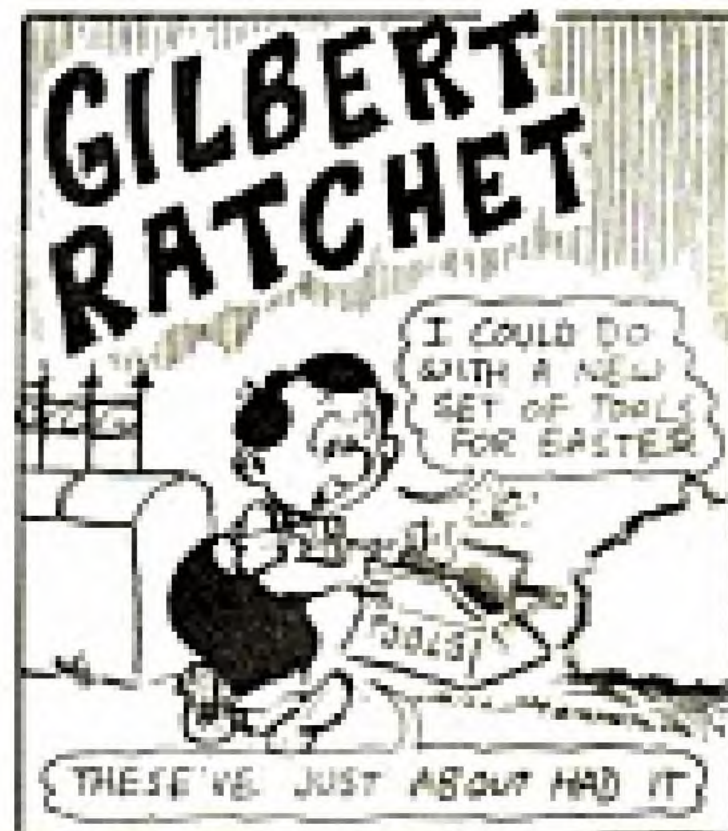
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Tab B

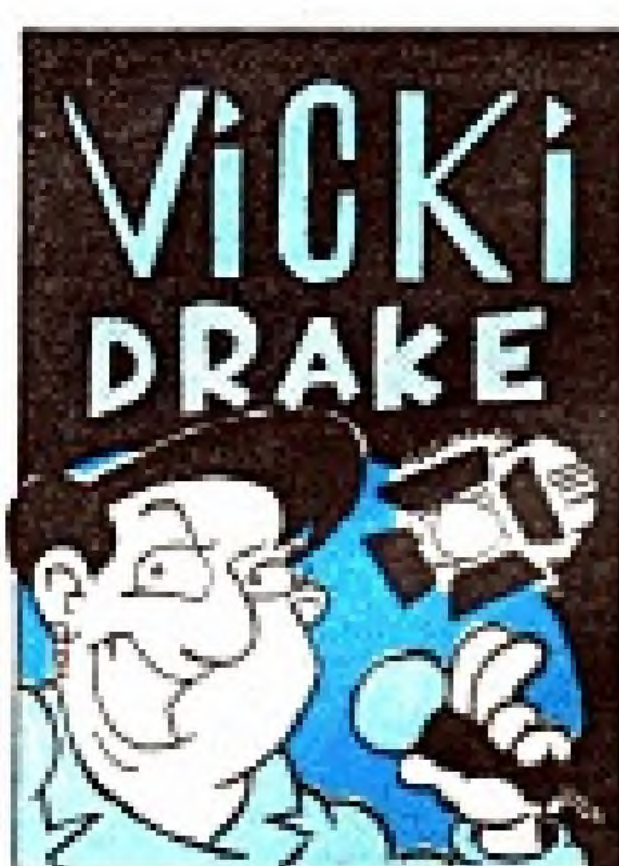
Tab B



# GILBERT RATCHET









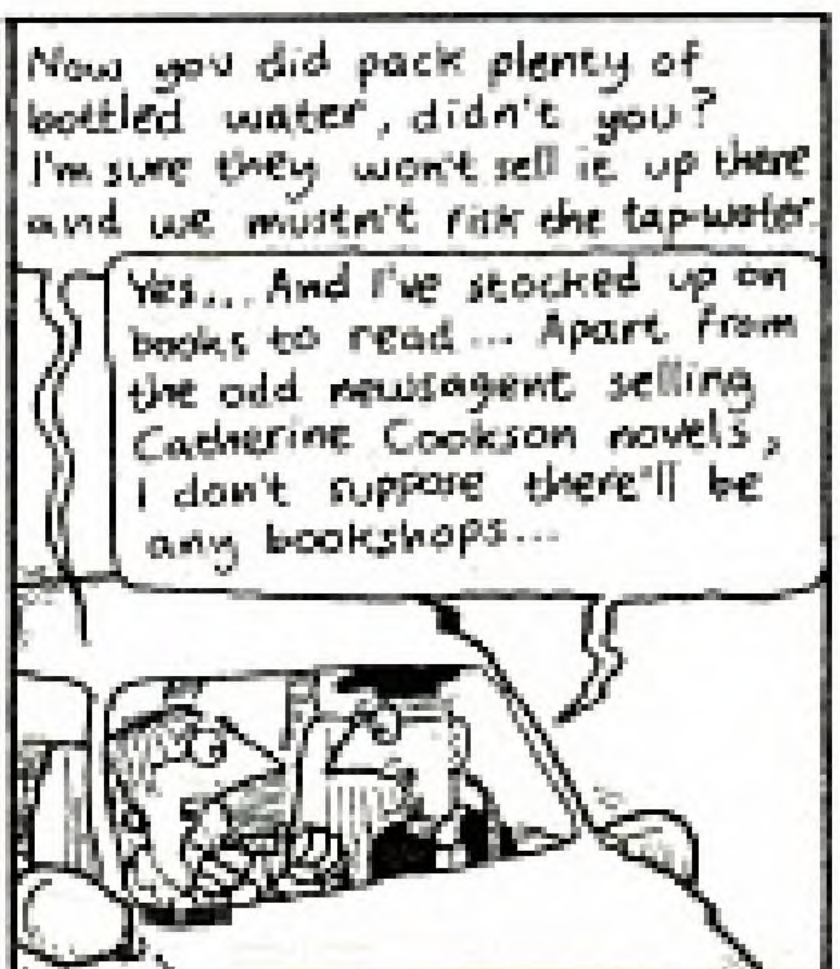
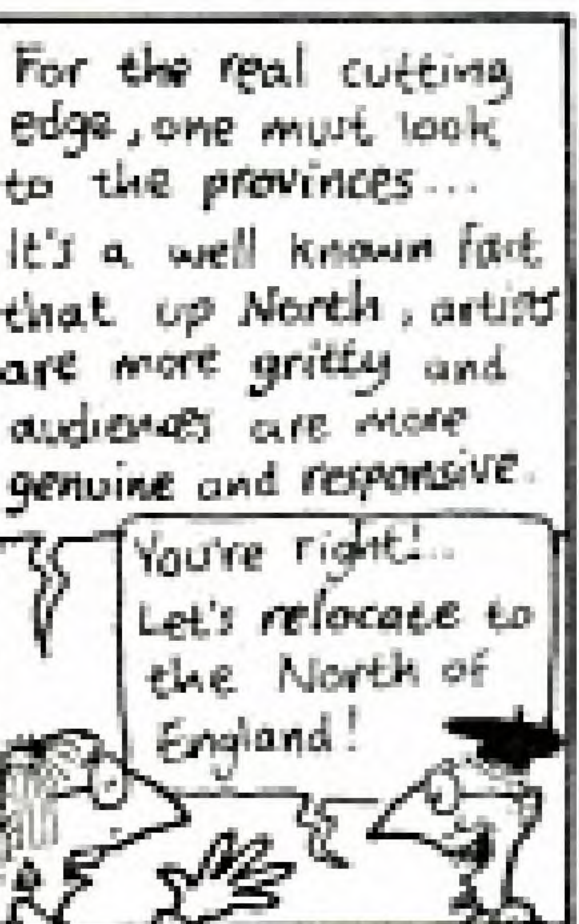
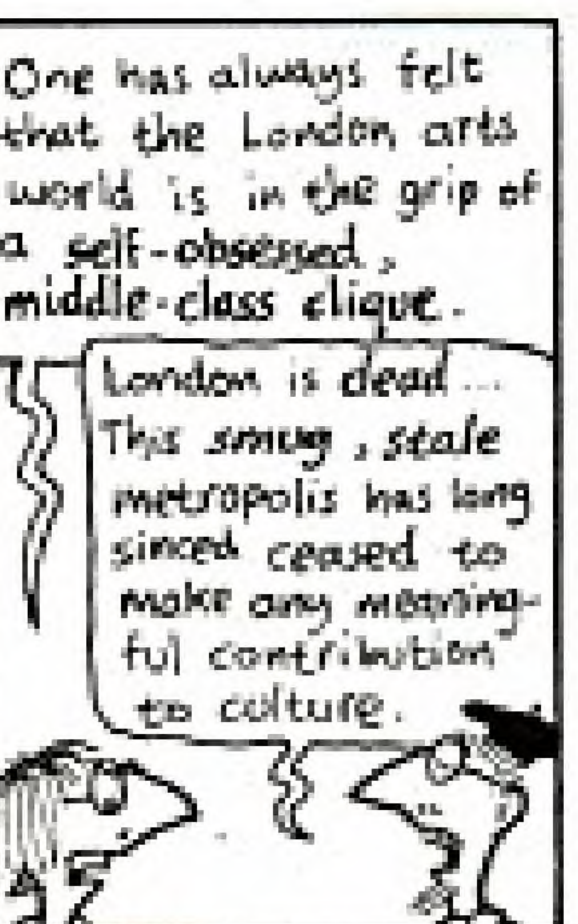
# **THE SEXIST** *LIVESIDE OVER-LOVED CAVIER* *TIT'S FOOT*



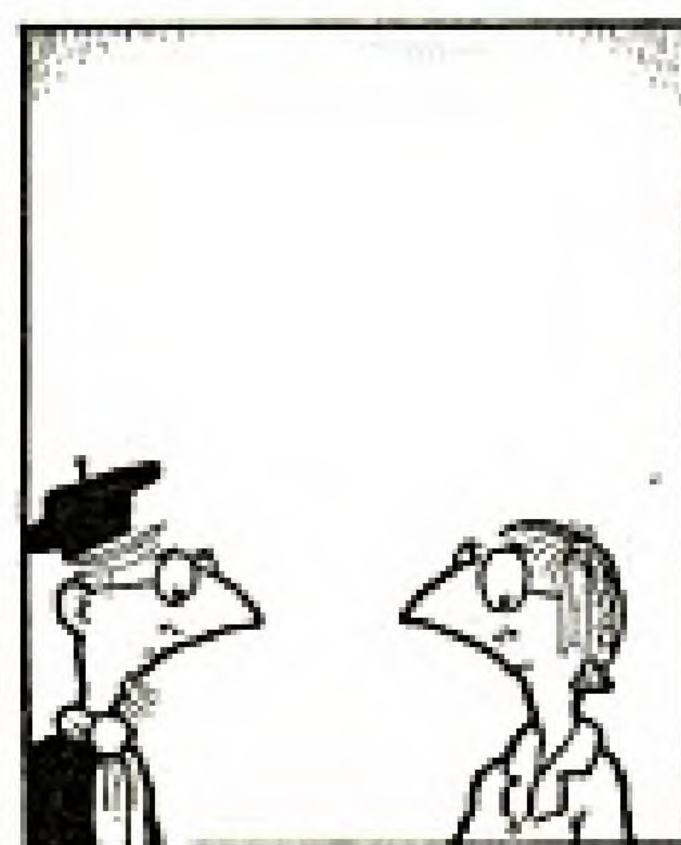
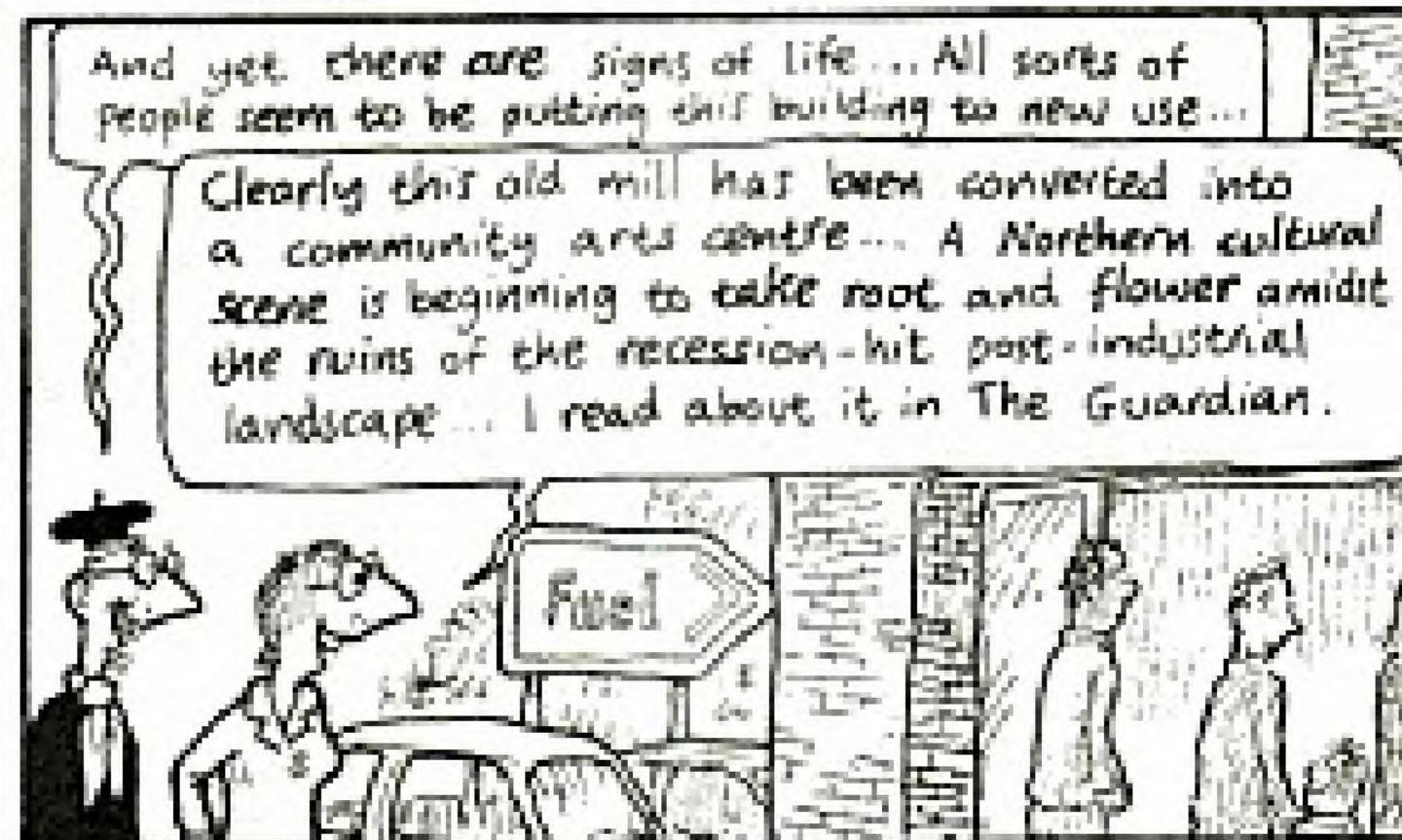




# THE CRITICS









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To: **Duck of the Month Club,**  
PO Box 50, Slimbridge, Glos.

Please accept my application and enrol me as a member of the Duck of the Month Club and send me the 5 introductory birds whose numbers I have indicated in the boxes provided. I will be charged only the special introductory offer prices, plus a total of £1.65 towards postage and packing. As a member, I will receive approximately every month (ie. every other day) a free Duck of the Month Club magazine. I understand that the quality of the Ducks offered in these magazines will spiral downwards as sharply as their price rockets upwards, and I will inevitably find myself buying large quantities of unwanted ducks that I cannot afford and will never look at. My only obligation is to buy everything from these magazines, and that the minimum length of membership is for the rest of my natural life. If after this period I wish to cancel, I can do so by giving one month's notice in writing.

Membership is subject to acceptance. We may consult a similar credit reference agency to see how deeply and for how long we can snuff your arse.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Name

Address

Signed

## AT LAST! A DIFFERENT KIND OF DUCK CLUB!

A club that promises you the best and very latest ducks at a fraction of high street prices. From the best-selling Buff Orpington and Miniature Appleyard to the classic Khaki Campbell and Welsh Harlequin. From the Lavish East Indian Drake and Abacot Ranger to the spicy Blue Swedish and Chocolate Runner, you're sure to find what you are looking for in Britain's largest Duck Club.

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Our buyers ensure that the selection of waterfowl we offer is the latest and best, and all our ducks carry huge discounts - of up to 40% off duck shop prices.

### SELECT YOUR DUCKS NOW

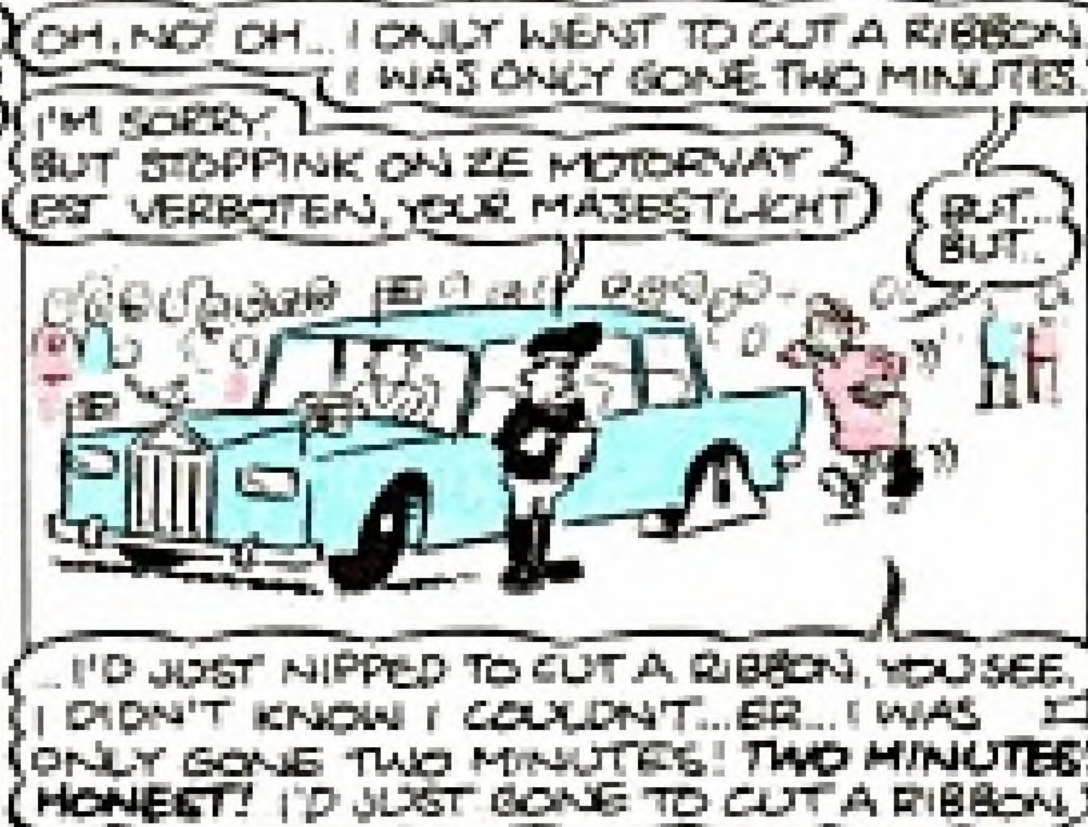
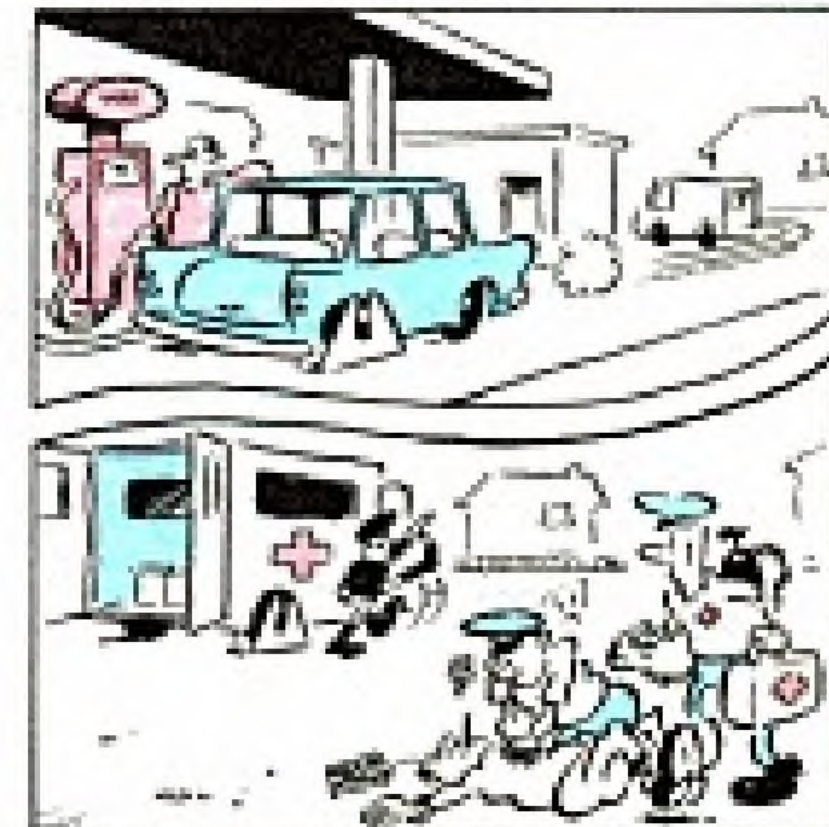
To become a member of the Duck of the Month Club, simply choose any 5 of the superb items shown here from ONLY 50 PENCE EACH! (+ p&p) but **SEND NO MONEY NOW.** We invite you to examine the ducks in your own home for 10 days before you decide to keep them.

Should you choose not to keep them, simply twist their necks, return them to us, your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing.





# CLAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN and his DENVER JACKBOOTS





# ALDRIDGE PRIOR

THE HOPELESS LIAR





# MIMESTOPPERS

In association with Humberside police.

POLICE on Humberside police would like your help in identifying this man who entered the Sproatley Road, Bilton branch of the Co-op at around 3pm on Monday 8th March. He was seen on security cameras pretending to be trapped in a big glass box and sewing his fingers together. He is believed to be the same man who entered the post office at nearby Burton Constable later that week, where he walked against an apparently strong wind and was unable to move a suitcase. Police warn the public not to tackle him as he may be embarrassing if approached. If you have any information about this, or any other mime call Mimestoppers now on

**005690  
6145**



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All our surgeons are qualified electricians. ☒

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Even Benny out of 'Crossroads'. No qualifications necessary. ☒

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You will not be allowed to leave until you sign. ☒

All operations are fully earthed and supplied with a fitted plug and 13 amp fuse. ☒

Courtesy transport to the nearest NHS A&E department when your op goes horribly wrong. ☒



"I was amazed at the cost of my toastoplasty"

**Mrs. B  
Essex**



### TOASTER IMPLANTS

I'd always been unhappy with my small breasts. Holidays were a nightmare, there was no way I would go topless on the beach. My husband never complained, but from the way he looked at other women, I knew he wanted me to have toasters. He was right. I cannot explain how happy it has made me feel. Now I'm a voluptuous 500 Watt Double D and I feel like a new woman. I cannot thank you enough, and neither can my husband!



"I was shocked and horrified at the bill for my fat fryer op"

**Mrs. E  
Bessex**



### FACE FAT FRYERS

When I hit 50, I looked in the mirror and saw a tired, drab face. I tried all sorts of face creams and even tried a complete change of make up, but it wasn't the answer. A consultant at the British Centre suggested that I have a deep fat fryer. Now I look and feel twenty years younger and I'm odourless, thanks to an inbuilt charcoal filter. I am so delighted, I am thinking of having a washing machine up my arse.

**The Rhubarb & Crumbellow Centre for Small Electricals Surgery**  
**00509 925 607 Calls terminate in Haiti.**

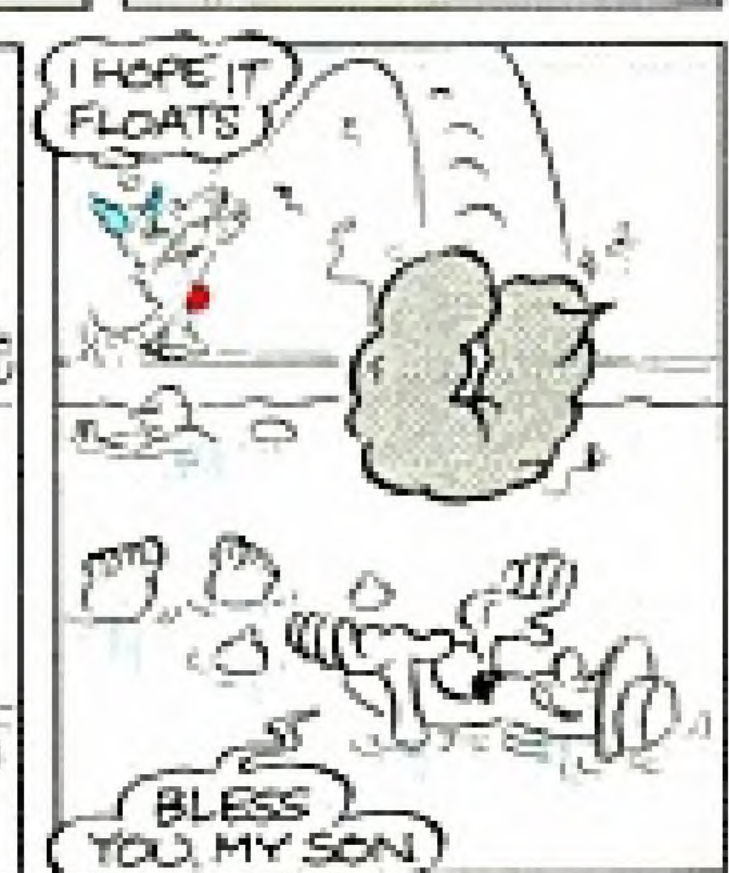
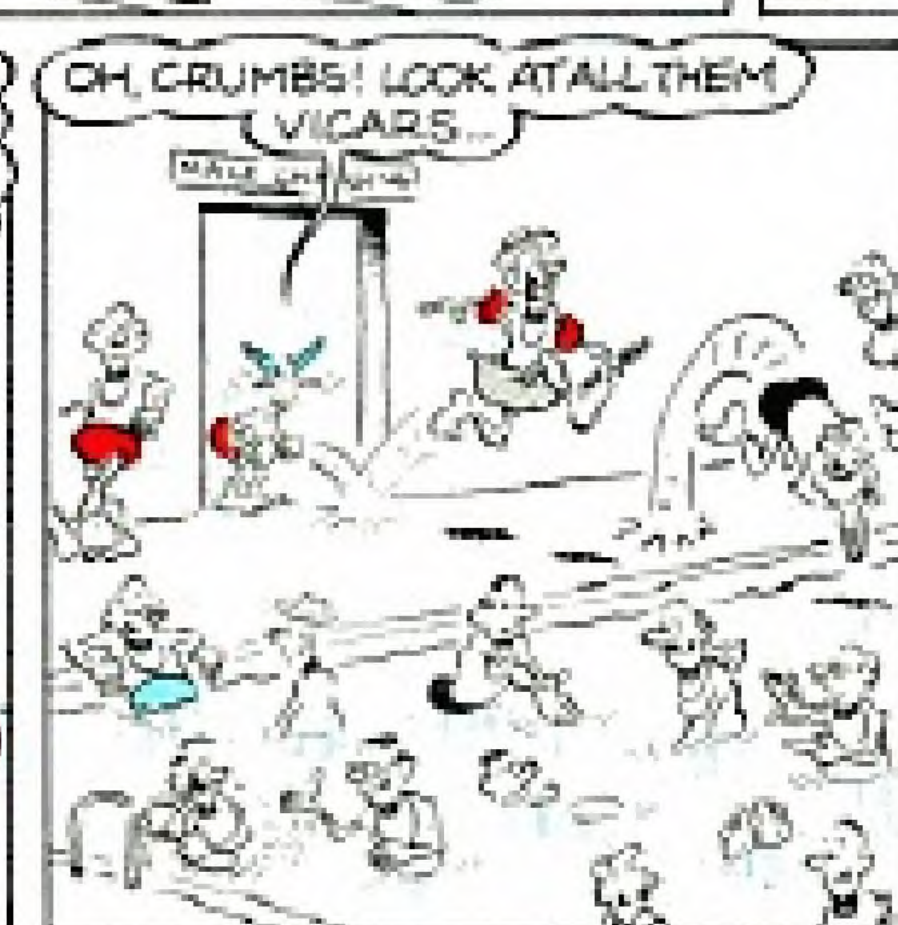
*If you can find a proper doctor offering the same operation cheaper, we'll cut all corners necessary to match that price- and that's the Rhubarb & Crumbellow Centre for Small Electricals Surgery promise*



# SHITTY DICK



THERE'S NO FLIES ON HIM





# BILLY the FISH



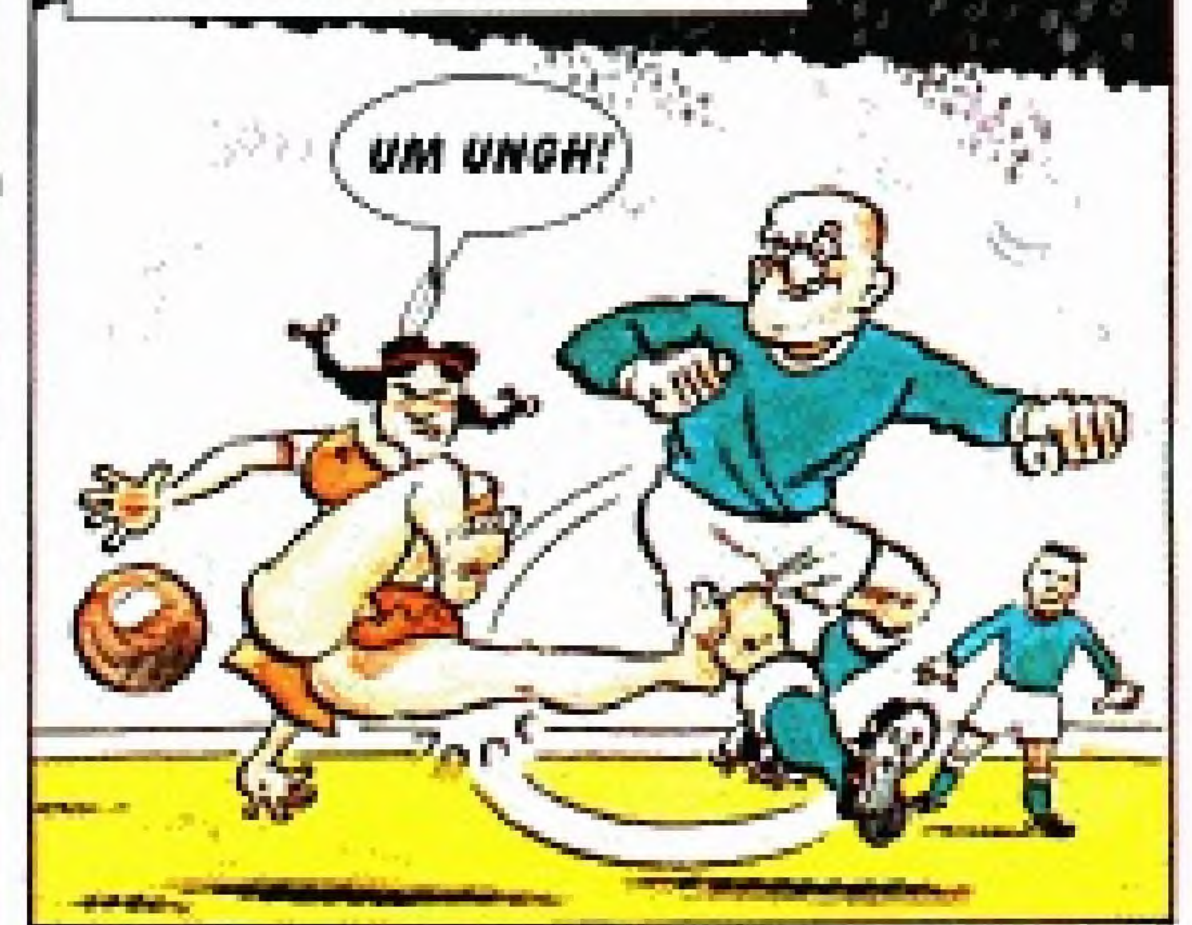
**F**ULCHESTER UNITED HAVE REACHED THE F.A. CUP FINAL WHERE THEY FACE ARCH-RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY. UNITED'S VETERAN KEEPER BILLY THOMSON IS ON TENTERHOOKS FOR HIS FIANCEE, POP STAR POSH TART, IS DUE TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE COUPLE'S FIRST BABY LIVE ON THE PITCH DURING THE HALF-TIME INTERVAL.

THE GAME GETS UNDERWAY WITH FULCHESTER'S REDSKIN WINGER BROWN FOX ON THE ATTACK...



ME GET TO BYLINE - KNOCK OVER UM USEFUL CROSS.

BUT THE BUXOM WARRIOR IS FELLEED BY A VICIOUS TACKLE FROM BEHIND.



UM UNGH!

THERE IS CONCERN ON THE FULCHESTER BENCH.



IT LOOKS SERIOUS TOMMY. SHALL I GO AND TAKE A LOOK?

SORRY SIR, YOU'RE SACKED. I'VE GIVEN YOUR JOB TO BLACKPOOL PALMIST GYPSY-ROSE BREWERY.

THE NEW PHYSIO GOES QUICKLY TO THE AID OF THE STRICKEN STRIKER.



HEAP WOUNDED KNEE. VERY SORE.

BUY SOME LUCKY HEATHER DEARIE?

I SEE A LONG BALL GAME. BOTH TEAMS SETTING OUT THEIR STALLS EARLY DOORS... I SEE A LOOSE BALL ON THE EDGE OF THE 18-YARD BOX...

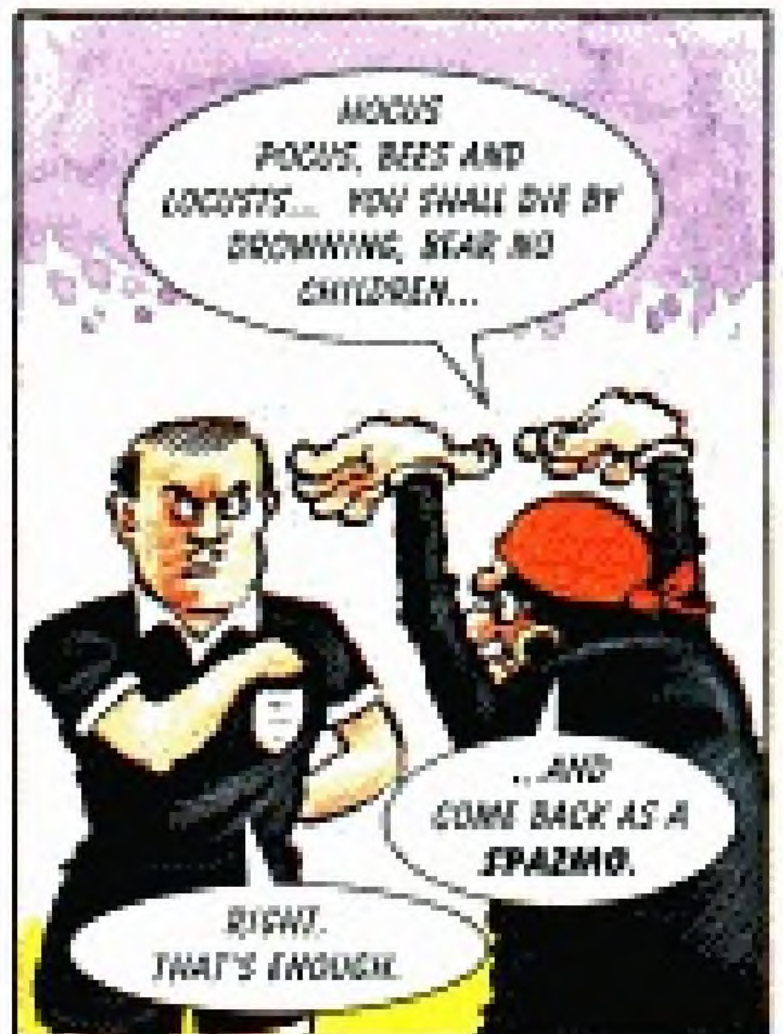


YES? YES? YES?



COME ON, GET OFF THE PITCH. YOU'RE WASTING TIME.

DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE TO A GYPSY!



MOOOS POCUS, BEES AND LOCUSTS... YOU SHALL DIE BY DROWNING, BEAR NO CHILDREN...

...AND COME BACK AS A SPAZMO.

RIGHT. THAT'S ENOUGH.



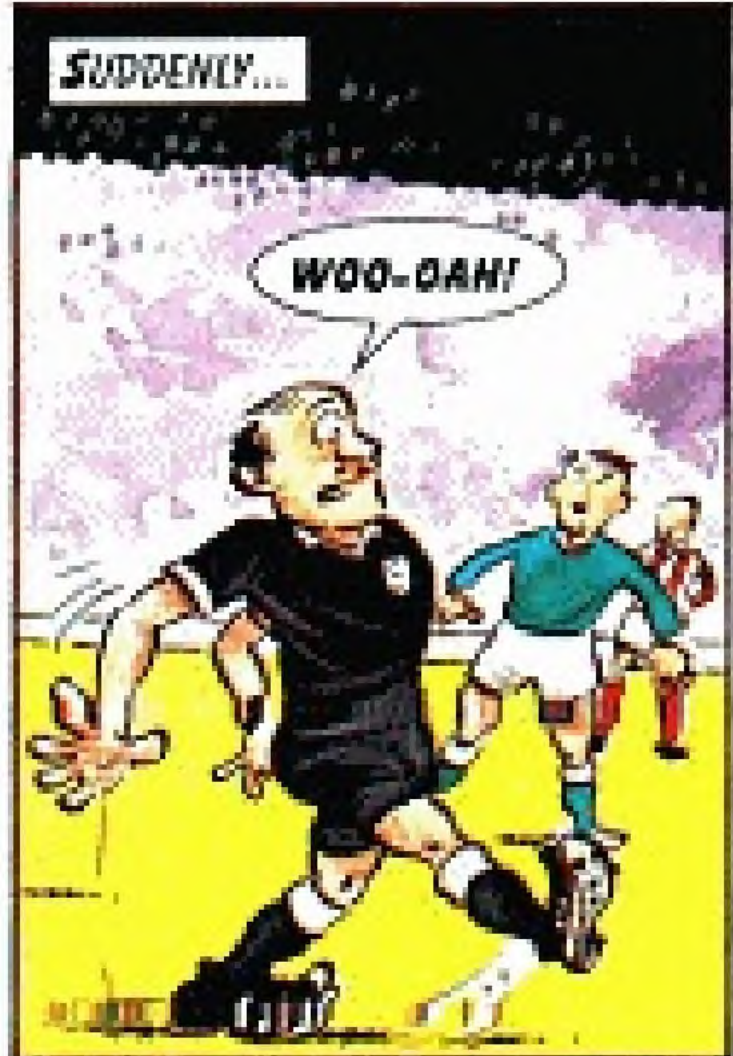
YOU'RE OFF. UNGENTLEMANLY CONDUCT.

AAH, FUCK YOU.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. SHE'S LAID A FINGER ON THE REFEREE.

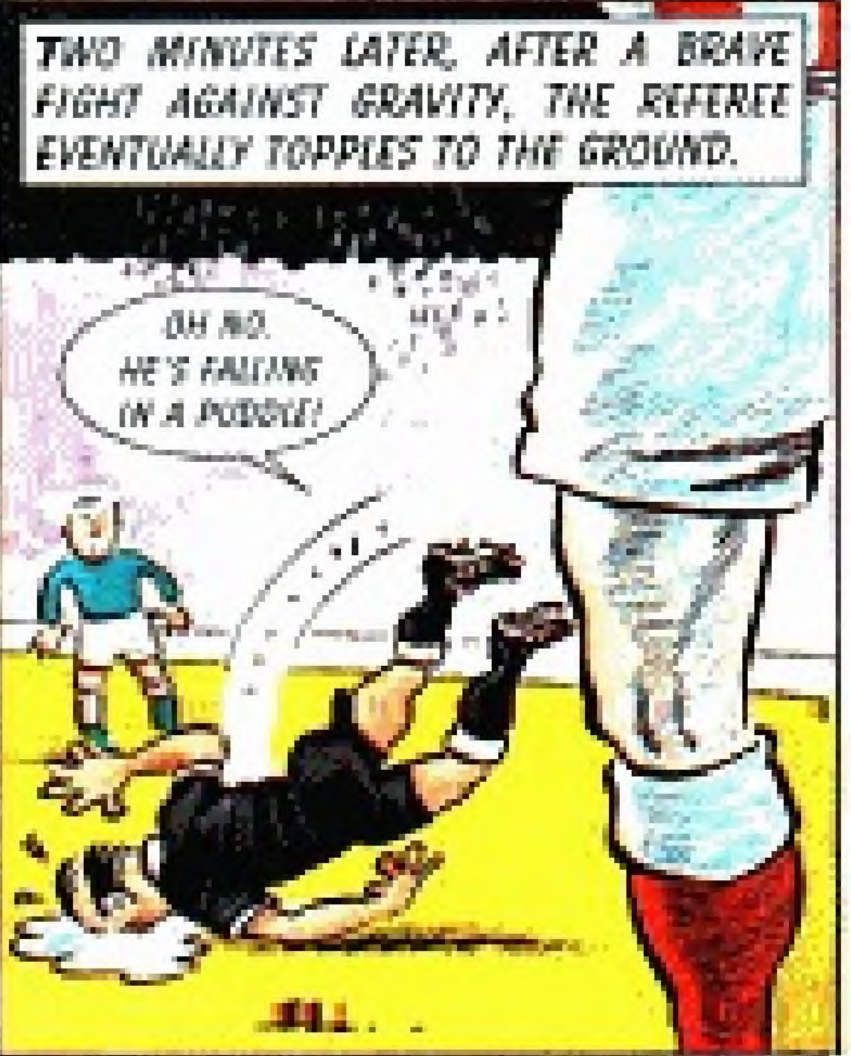
IT'S THE WORST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.



WOO-OAH!



AAIEEE!



TWO MINUTES LATER, AFTER A BRAVE FIGHT AGAINST GRAVITY, THE REFEREE EVENTUALLY TOPPLES TO THE GROUND.

OH NO. HE'S FALLING IN A PUDDLE!



HE'S DEAD. DROWNED IN THE PUDDLE - JUST LIKE THE GYPSY SAID.

YES, AND WHAT'S MORE HIS TESTICLES ARE STERILE.



AS THE REF IS CARRIED AWAY, THE FOURTH OFFICIAL STEPS FORWARD...



ME FORG OFFICIAL. ME LEFTLEF GAME.

...IN JUST ONE MINUTE!

A-HEM. ME BET 5,000 YEN FOR GOAL-LESS DRAW.



RIGHT YOU ARE.

THE GAME RE-STARTS AND SOON MIDFIELD BOFFIN PROFESSOR WOLFGANG SCHNELL BSC, PHD, IS LINING UP AN EFFORT ON THE EDGE OF THE 18-YARD BOX.



MMM... 15 DEGREES TO ZE HORIZONTAL... ANGULAR VELOCITY OF 4.6 RADIAN PER SECOND...

IF ICH DO NICHT BUY A TICKET, ICH WILL NICHT VIN ZE RAFFLE.



THE POWER AND ACCURACY OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHOT LEAVE THE KEEPER STRANDED...



GET ZE FUCK IN THERE!

GOAL!

AND IN A WELL-REHEARSED GOAL CELEBRATION, HE REVEALS HIS SECRET GOAL-SCORING FORMULA TO THE FANS.



ONE PROFESSOR WOLFGANG SCHNELL BSC, PHD... THERE'S ONLY ONE...

BUT FULCHESTER'S GOAL CELEBRATIONS ARE SHORT-LIVED.



VELLY SOLEY, I DISARROW GOAL OFFSIDE!

WHAT?!

THE REST OF THE GAME IS OVERSHADOWED BY A SERIES OF CONTROVERSIAL DECISIONS.



NO GOAL! HANDBALL!

NO GOAL.



OBSTRUCTION!

NO GOAL ERM... RES BEFORE WHICKY.



THE FIRST HALF ENDS GOAL-LESS, AND AS THE PLAYERS LEAVE THE FIELD, MANAGER TOMMY BROWN HAS A SPECIAL PRE-NATAL PEP-TALK FOR BILLY'S GIRLFRIEND...



OKAY, JUST GO OUT THERE AND ENJOY YOURSELF. KEEP IT TIGHT... I MEAN LOOSE... KEEP PUSHING UP... PRESS HARD AND LOOK FOR A HEAD IN THE BOX.



GRAY, BOSS, I'LL GIVE IT 110% FOR THE FULL 100% DILATION.

THE CROWD GETS RIGHT BEHIND HER AS THE BIRTH GETS UNDERWAY...



ALL WE ARE SAYING, IS GIVE US A BABY.

YOU'RE GOING HOME IN A FU-CKING CARRY-COT.

A BREAKTHROUGH LOOKS IMMINENT...



GO ON, POSH, PUSH! IT'S COMING

UH!

ZIG-A-ZIG... UH! ZIG-A-ZIG... UH!

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE LIGHTING GANTRIES ABOVE THE GROUND, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS AT WORK...



AND SUDDENLY THE STADIUM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.

OH, NO! THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!

THE BIRTH WILL HAVE TO BE ABANDONED!

WILL BILLY'S POP-STAR GIRLFRIEND POP HER SPROG? WILL THEY GIVE IT A DAFT NAME? IS THIS LIGHTS OUT FOR FULCHESTER'S CUP HOPE? DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT!



